The Philnews

The Geocaching Challenge

Jammin' in the Backcountry

Make-up & Hiking

The trail up Trail

June 22, 2007 Issue #3
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On the Cover

Geocaching with the best of the best of the best: James King and Rory Chapman. Photo by Margaret Hedderman.

02 The Philnews - June 22nd, 2007
On the evening of June 14th, 2007 at approximately 19:00 hours, five hikers disappeared into the woods of Cimarron Canyon… only to return two hours later having accomplished absolutely nothing. Their GPSes were useless… as were their rain jackets stowed safely in the car when it began to rain. All right, my jacket was completely useless… everyone else had theirs.

That was the beginning of The Philnews week three: a fruitless geocaching expedition that was actually all the more fun for not finding anything. Somehow this minor adventure spawned a week full of backcountry excursions.

In this issue, we begin a new column detailing a different hike every week. Some you’ll have heard of, possibly done, but others may pique your interest and inspire your own adventures into the woods. Also, staff writer Jennifer Peters takes us on a trek into her world as she leaves behind all make-up and accessories for her first backpacking trip.

Besides telling you how much fun we’ve had this week, The Philnews is desperately trying to help you have an action-packed and visually stunning summer. Now you too can have ineffectual geocaching adventures with hidden NPS treasure in the backcountry. Because, that’s really what it’s all about, isn’t it? Getting out of the office, avoiding massive twitching spells from staring at the computer for too long, and seeing the world.
Every year, five ponies are rounded up and brought to the Philmont Training Center to be ridden by the children of families attending the Training Center. At the end of each season, they are sent back to the pasture for nine months of grazing. Now, they’ve been rounded up once more to face yet another season of rowdy children, eager to jump on their backs. But breaking ‘em back in ain’t so easy. This is the job of Jessica Byam, the new PTC Ponie Wrangler.

Byam, a senior in Recreation Management at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, is in charge of the PTC Pony Corral. Byam calls it, “a fun little place where the kids can love and play with the animals, and I’m just in charge of taking care of the kids and leading the rides.”

Prior to the Pony Corral’s June 2 opening, however, Byam had to get the ponies ready. “We had to trim their hooves so that they’re not too long and hurting the ponies,” Byam said. “Then I top them off, which means I ride them to see how they do. Then I keep working with them until they behave well enough that I can put a kid on one.”

Having not been ridden in nine months, getting the ponies to work again is Byam’s biggest challenge, especially when not every pony is willing to co-operate. “Rootbeer is one of the ponies and he won’t let me anywhere near him, so it’s just a challenge to get him to trust me,” Byam said. “He just runs away. He doesn’t like to be caught, I guess.”

Byam will be taking care of other animals too, including chickens, goats, and possibly a burro. “It all depends on what they give me, and it’s different every year,” she said.

“I’ve always wanted to work at Philmont, so I talked to a recruiter and ended up applying for all the horse positions,” Byam said. She became interested after her friend visited Philmont with her family when she was eight years old.

“She told me all about it and I just wanted to come ever since,” she said. That was also the time she started to ride.

“I’ve grown up around horses and I started to ride when I about eight years old,” she said. Besides being the PTC Pony Wrangler and living out a childhood dream, Byam has found other incentive to work at Philmont: interning for two hours of college credit toward her Recreation Management Major at BYU. Through her internship, she hopes to gain some valuable experience, which will one day help her to become a barn manager and horse trainer. “This is the sort of work I love doing,” she said.
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Looking Out for Campfires

By Robert Griffin

As the stars light up the skies over the aspen covered hills, somewhere set below the purple mountains, among the sage and surrounded by the whispering pines, is a small fire and a handful of performers. Just as much a part of Philmont lore as those landmarks immortalized in John Westfall’s Philmont Hymn is the evening campfire.

Go to the snack bar in the afternoon and listen to the crews coming down off the trail and you are doubtless to hear some talk of their favorite campfires and evening programs. The nighttime entertainment at the various staff camps around the backcountry varies, but one thing is for certain: if you get the chance you need to go.

This season, a few of the camps renowned year in and year out for their campfires are gearing up to continue their famous legacies. Hoping to lead the way is the North Country’s Pueblano, home of perhaps the most storied campfire on Philmont property.

“Almost all of us have experience,” said Ry Taylor, PC and guitarist for the logging camp.

Indeed, Pueblano has a lot of experience on its side. Camp Director Phil Lewis led the famous Cypher’s Mine Stomp last season. Taylor, meanwhile, is the son of legendary Philmont cowboy and recording artist Rod Taylor.

Meanwhile, at Crater Lake, Pueblano’s rival logging camp of the Central Country, the boys bring their own experience: three of the six staffers were part of the Pueblano campfire last year.

“If you were at Pueblano last year,” said 2nd year PC “Doc” “we’re even better this year.”

Crater of ‘07 is attempting to put together a new campfire experience. While they try and get campers to focus on the here and now, and what a wondrous experience they are having, they are performing skits and music that stray away from those of traditional Philmont staple.

“We’re trying to get away from Tabasco Donkeys,” said 2nd year PC Jack Daly.

And while Crater attempts to do something new, just up the road, Beaubien is embracing the traditional. Playing songs that staff recognizes instantly and advisors have been singing since they were kids on the trail, and throwing in their own twists on stories and skits that Scouts have been enjoying forever. If you’re looking for ‘Fire on the Mountain,’ or ‘Colfax Country Jail,’ the South’s horse camp is your place.

“It’s good stuff a lot of the kids know,” said 4th year CD Ron LaCurane. His PC Dan Smith pointed out that somebody has to play the traditional stuff, and

continued on pg. 15
A Girly Girl Takes a Hike

By Jennifer Peters

So here is the deal, I am a 22 year old self proclaimed girly girl who has never been away from her family for more than a few days, never been camping more than 20 ft. away from the car and I just started my boy scouting career. I am an educated person and soon-to-be college graduate, but when it comes to the outdoors and being self-sufficient, I have no idea what to expect.

My father, who has been involved with scouting for as long as I can remember, was the inspiration for my internship at Philmont. He bought me a compass and the other important things that a scout should have. But I think he realized that knowledge was the one thing he could not give me when I asked the question, “If I get lost, do I just walk north?”

Now I have never used a compass nor have I been instructed on proper compass usage, but looking back I see where that is an unintelligent question. Needless to say he has called me almost every day I have been out here and anytime I tell him I am planning on hiking he makes sure I am going with someone who knows what they are doing.

When I went hiking for the first time at Philmont, one of my bosses went through my backpack and took out about 50 percent of the contents and made me leave them in the office. He told me that having a comb and a hairbrush just to hike on the Tooth of Time was really not necessary. Now I think I understand the difference between bringing the essentials and leaving the luxuries at base camp. My return from that hike and the aching of every muscle in my body taught me the importance of packing lightly.

I just recently got the opportunity to go into the backcountry for an over night assignment and believe me it was a learning experience all around.

My backpack was at least 100 lbs. No, I am just kidding. It felt like it, though. It was actually about 35 lbs. and no I did not bring a comb or a hairbrush or anything else of a useless nature. Hiking with my pack was really not as bad as I thought it would be; being able to hike with a group of photographers afforded me the opportunity to stop frequently without having to ask for breaks.

Reaching the top however brought to light a very intimidating realization, there is no little ladies room in the woods! There are several questions that must be posed when learning to use the outdoor restroom, otherwise known as some random rock. How far away do I need to be from camp? How do I keep from making a mess, short of bringing the whole toilet seat with me? Further more, the most important question is: what to do with the toilet paper? The best way to explain what one of my female hiking buddies told me to do would be the “shake and bake.” It basically describes not using toilet paper.

After successfully completing the “shake and bake,” a feeling of liberation fell over me and the rest of the group. I used the bathroom in the woods and lived to tell about; nothing can stop me now. My goals for the near future are to finish my internship, graduate from college, and develop a love for the outdoors that I can take anywhere.
New Exhibits at Seton Museum
Submission by: Glen Cummings

Right across Highway 21 from Camping Headquarters is the Philmont Museum and Seton Library. If you don’t have a serious scouting background, maybe you don’t know who Ernest Thompson Seton was and what he did. If that is the case, come over to the Museum and look at our new display about Seton and Lobo, the famous wolf of this region.

Another current exhibit is depicting Waite Phillips the outdoorsman. Our great benefactor was an avid fan of the outdoors, hunting, and fishing. The exhibit is a very impressive collection of trophies, interesting photos, and sporting equipment including Waite Phillips’ favorite big game rifle, a Savage Arms Model 99 in 250 caliber. Waite Phillips was a prolific diary and journal writer. We have a journal written by Waite in November, 1930 where he tells of running mountain lions with dogs on Deer Lake Mesa and that he shot one when the dogs treed it.

It is often said “a picture is worth a thousand words”. Well that certainly is true of one of the photos on display. It is of Waite Phillips and one of his horses, a paint named Zack. The photo appears to be at the old corral at Fish Camp and probably in the late 1920s. It is a very good quality photo of Waite and Zack, ready to ride.

Let’s see if I can tell the story in a few less than one thousand words. How did a horse get named “Zack”? To answer, let’s talk about a man named Col. George W. Miller who went to Indian Territory (to later become Oklahoma) from Missouri in about 1871. Mr. Miller took with him some hogs. He raised hogs at his place not far from the current town of Ponca City, Oklahoma. He cured hams and bacon and when he had a wagon load he took them to San Antonio, Texas and traded them for cattle. Thus, began a ranch empire known in later years as the 101 Ranch. Mr. Miller had some sons and one was named Zack. Waite Phillips was a friend of the Millers and got the horse from the 101 Ranch and
named it for one of the Miller boys. The “rest of the story” does not involve Waite Phillips but is perhaps a fun story to know.

Mr. Miller had raised a herd of cattle and took them on a cattle drive to San Antonio to sell. After they had sold the cattle, the Miller cowboys wanted to celebrate and went to the 101 Saloon in San Antonio. They celebrated rather boisterously and tore the place up and landed in jail. Mr. Miller had to bail them out of jail and pay for the damages to the saloon. Sometime after they arrived back at the Ranch, Mr. Miller renamed the Ranch, the “101 Ranch” so the cowboys would never forget the incident in San Antonio that cost him a lot of money.

The above is just one small example of the rich heritage, history, and connection of Waite Phillips and the Philmont Ranch that you can “uncover” at the Museum.

The current display includes a fine collection of early maps of the Beaubien and Miranda Land Grant. A friend of Kit Carson named Lucien Maxwell eventually owned the Land Grant because he married Carlos Beaubien’s daughter. Mr. Maxwell sold land to various individuals and often the deal was a handshake, (an agreement of gentlemen). That was not a problem until later in life Mr. Maxwell sold the Grant to a land company financed by Dutch and English Investors. When the officials of the Company came around asking to see documentation of land titles, many of the people had nothing in writing. The Company officials then informed them they were “squatters” and would have to go. This led to the Colfax County War when the people fought for their land. Eventually the case was settled in the United States Supreme Court in 1887 in favor of the Land Company. It was a bloody and tenuous time in the Sangre de Cristos of Northeast New Mexico.

There is also a great display of photos about the 50th Anniversary of the Philmont Ranger Department. Ok, so now you know a little of what can be seen and learned at our Philmont Museum. It is a “treasure” if you are willing to “dig” just a little. Come on over and Director Seth McFarland, Librarian Robin Taylor, and the Museum Staff will be happy to tell you more stories. The museum also has a fine gift shop featuring southwestern jewelry, Philmont jewelry, books, and many other items at a discount to staffers. See you there!
Planting Buried Treasure

By Jordon Shinn

I’ve always liked being a pirate. I have my red bandanna and my striped shirt. I even know how to operate small sailboats. But what’s a pirate without a treasure? Because this isn’t Sea-Base or Northern-Tier, we pirates here at Philmont must hike to our treasure on foot via map, compass and GPS device. Welcome to geocaching; a treasure hunting that makes my gold tooth tingle.

Simply put, a geocache is a box or bag containing a paper log and some sort of treasure. The cache is then hidden in the wilderness and the lat./lon. coordinates are posted on internet websites such as www.geocaching.com. Anyone can enter these coordinates into a GPS (Global Positioning System) and use it to point them in the direction of the geocache. However, geocaching has been banned from Philmont’s backcountry from fear that the general public will try to enter.

But what about staff only geocaches, where the coordinates are posted not on the internet, but in the Philnews? When I came to Philmont, geocaching was something new to me. I tried the course up at PTC and found that it was an excellent way to learn how to use a GPS and to get a basic concept of geocaching. I recommend it to all GPS-illiterate staffers. However, I needed something more, something rugged, out in the wilderness.

So far I have hidden three in the South Country. But as I pioneer this new past-time, I am aided by none other than “The masters of the universe and all things land navigation,” Ranger Trainers Dave Meyers and Bryan Dixon. They have been training this year’s rangers how to use GPS’s, and are familiar with geocaching.

“The point of geocaching is it’s a way to explore,” Meyers said. “When you geocache, you want to put them places people never normally get to.” When I hid the first three, however, I was thinking the complete opposite. I was thinking that by hiding them in well-visited areas, more people would participate.

“The goal is to find just random places to stash them,” Meyers said.

Hanging on a wall in the NPS building is a large, three-piece, laminated map of Philmont Scout Ranch and the Valle Vidal. Tacked on the right hand side of the map are a UTM grid reader and a mini Nerf dart gun. These are the two NPS directional tools. After I had made up my first few geocaches, I needed to find somewhere to put them, but I didn’t know where. So NPS Photo Manager James King demonstrated how to use the dart gun. Standing on the opposite end of the room, away from the map, he held out the gun, closed his eyes, and pulled the trigger. The dart landed in the middle of nowhere; a place I didn’t feel like going.

After several retries, I determined to have a more planned out route in areas of civilization. However, placing geocaches in well visited and easy to find places removes a major aspect of the pass-time: the hunt.

“It’s sort of like an addition to the Philmont challenge. We’ve got the Ranger Marathon, the Black Plague, Super Black Death. There’s ton’s of challenges out there. It’d basically just be another addition,” Dixon said. “The Geocache Challenge: you have to get all the geocaches in a day.”

So, future geocache locations will be harder to reach than these first three, but also more rewarding. I want to bring staffers to places of rare beauty that they wouldn’t see otherwise. And I already have a few interesting places in mind.

But geocaching isn’t only about getting to an area of rare beauty, it is also about the treasure. Some geocaches can be planted in dark and scary places or areas that are difficult to get to and unpleasant to be. That’s where the treasure comes in; the loot, the reward.

“I’ve heard of anything from mini, little action figures to change to marbles,” Dixon said. “You have to make sure you also bring something if you take [from] it.”

According to Dixon, however, “You leave an item that represents yourself, so people know you’ve been there.”

With this advice, future goecaches will contain
more creative treasure. For these first few, however, don’t forget to carry some spare change in your pocket.

Now if I come off as though I know what I’m talking about, then that’s great; I might just be on the right track. Bear in mind, however, that last week was the first time I’d ever heard about geocaching, and it took me going to the PTC course to learn how to geocache, let alone use a GPS. Needless to say, that was a long day, but the skills I’ve learned are invaluable. And I don’t stand alone.

“I’ve never actually been geocaching, but I have a whole bunch of friends that do it,” Dixon said. “I don’t actually own a GPS.”

The fact is, geocaching is a very new sport, using very new technology. According to www.geocaching.com, the word “geocache” was coined in 2000 by Matt Stum of the “GPS Stash Hunt” mailing list, on May 30, 2000. And because it uses such new technology, GPS devices are still fairly expensive.

“It’s not a cheap hobby,” Dixon said. “It has an expensive buy in, but once you do it, all it is is transportation cost.” So the dilemma for staff is finding a GPS to use. “They can ask around other staff,” Dixon said. “Friends and other staff are probably their best bet.” However, “If they’ve (staffers) got enough map and compass skills, they shouldn’t need a GPS to get to the geocache,” Dixon said. “Now that’s the challenge right there.”

The point I’m trying to make here is that not many people are experts on geocaching or have the GPS’s to do it, but if we work together to use what experience and equipment we have, this staff-exclusive geocache program can be a lot of fun and really increase our level of enjoyment in the backcountry.

And personally, I think it’s a great way to be a pirate.

This week’s coordinates

Urraca Area
S 13 0500865
UTM 4029342

Crater Area
S 13 0495570
UTM 4028959

Stockade Area
S 13 050037
UTM 4032287

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Gear Review

Jordon Shinn gears up to test the comfort and smellable qualities of FoxRiver’s hiking socks.

Recently, I reviewed FoxRiver’s “Adventure Cross Training” (ATX) and “Hiking” Medium Weight Crew socks size Large.

I had no idea when I walked into the Tooth of Time Trading Post a few weeks ago that my heavy cotton boot socks were inferior articles of clothing. They were too big, soaked my feet and barely lasted through the day.

After reviewing two pairs of FoxRiver hiking socks, I may never put those heavy sweat jackets on my feet again.

The morning after receiving my socks, I started with the Hiking pair first. Made of merino wool, they seemed to fit right and were comfortable, but then again, new socks usually do.

By mid-day, I found that my feet were at least twice as dry as the day before and I figured that they would have been even drier if I were wearing sock liners.

The second day, I tried on the ATX socks. A 50/50 blend of merino wool and polypropylene called “Wick-Dry,” these definitely fit more snug than the Hiking socks.

To put them to the ultimate test, however, I decided that I would run up cell-phone hill: they look like running socks but thicker. So I woke up early and, out of shape as I was, barely made it to the top and back.

Compared to my PowerSox (actual running socks), these got pretty hot, but they didn’t fail the test. I could run in these if I needed to. Moreover, it was my intention to have sweaty socks early in the day to see if they would last the entire day. They did, and no need for sock liners.

The third day I put my Hiking socks back on: their second day of usage. They still smelled halfway new. By the end of that day, however, I had them hanging over my fan to dry because they were pretty sweaty.

The fourth day it was back into the ATX socks. Their second day wasn’t bad either, although, by the end, they smelled funky. They definitely had a worse odor than my Hiking socks.

Finally, on the fifth day, I wore my Hiking socks one last time. By now they were stretched out, smelly and weighed down with sweat despite being mostly dry. Now I was sacrificing comfort and hygiene.

When it comes to FoxRiver socks, I am pretty impressed. They beat my old cotton socks any day. However, I could have gone with size medium Hiking socks because they tend to stretch. Also, the ATX socks do not stay fresh as long as the Hiking socks: they definitely smell worse after two days. In conclusion, I prefer the ATX socks because they seem to keep my feet a little bit drier without wearing sock liners.

As a final note, I read some advice in a hiking book recently that suggested bringing three pairs of socks when hiking: one on your feet, one in your pack and one drying on your pack as you hike. I think this is a great system and so plan on buying one more pair of socks at the Tooth of Time Trading Post. Perhaps I’ll try something new.
# Activities Schedule

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<th>June</th>
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<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Football Game, 8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Ice Cream Social, 8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Kickball Game, 8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Ultimate Frisbee, 8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Softball Game, 8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Bratwursts, 11:30 am to 1:00 pm</td>
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<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Movie Night, 8:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Ping Pong Tournament, 8:00 p.m.</td>
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All sporting events will be held in the field in front of the Health Lodge. Ice Cream Social and Bratwursts will be served in front of the Activities Building.
Bring in this coupon on June 26 and get charged no tax on all of our Sterling Silver.

Paul Dixon is a great worker. Any job he is given he goes above and beyond to get the job done. We are glad to have Paul in the Trading Post. Ticonderogas = perfection
Beaubien is happily taking on that role this summer. Although they do set some limits.

“We won’t do ‘Freebird’ or ‘Stairway to Heaven,’” LaCurane said. “And I’m trying to avoid Wagon Wheel.”

It’s not necessarily all about the campfires, though. Cypher’s Mine has its own program of legend, and it does it without the stars or the fire.

“It’s a stomp,” said 5th year CD Kate Helbig. “Just in that, it’s unique. There’s no other program like it.”

Cypher’s describes their stomp as having two important elements this summer: five women and one accordion.

“We’re amazing and we’re crazy,” said 2nd year PC Elizabeth “Slim” Uribe. “Who doesn’t like accordions?”

The hope at the mining camp this summer is to put everything they teach to crews into their music, and they hope to do so with what Helbig describes as a remarkably, musically-inclined cast.

And of course there’s more to campfires than
Suzanne Marie Butts (6/11)
A woman named Suzanne Marie Butts was arrested for stealing three rolls of two-ply toilet paper from a central Iowa court house. Butts could face up to three years in prison under Iowa law, due to being a repeat offender. Employees of the court house began keeping a watchful eye when the toilet paper was disappearing faster than normal, though Butts claims she had never before stolen paper. Authorities are not sure why Butts was there, as she does not work in the court house.

Senate Leaders Give New Life to Immigration Bill (6/14)
A group of Senate leaders agreed on Thursday to revive a stalled immigration bill backed by President George W. Bush. Earlier, the Senate had voted to limit discussion on the bill, which is intended to tighten the borders and grant amnesty to millions of illegal immigrants. A coalition of high-influence Senators — including Majority Leader Harry Reid, D-Nev, and Republican Leader Mitch McConnell, Ken — agreed in a closed-door meeting to bring the bill back up for debate.

Squirrel Lays Waste to German Town (6/14)
An overly aggressive squirrel attacked and injured three people in the German town of Passau Thursday. It began by entering the home of a 70-year-old woman and biting her on the hand. The woman ran outside screaming when the squirrel was thrown off and entered a building site nearby. There it attacked a construction worker who fought it off with a measuring pole. The squirrel finally attacked a 72-year-old man, causing serious injuries on his hand, thigh and arm, before the man killed it with a crutch. Experts believe the attack was either related to mating season or the squirrel was ill.

Zimbabwe to Collapse Within Year (6/14)
A leaked Zimbabwean briefing report Thursday stated the African country’s economy will completely collapse within the year. The nation’s inflation is already 3,714% — the highest in the world — and is expected to reach 512,000% by the end of the year, forcing economic instability and social fallout. The report stated that already only one adult in five has a regular job, shops are doubling prices and employers are paying employees with food. The UN states that upwards of 4 million Zimbabweans will require food aid this year.

WWI Survivor Turns 109 (6/17)
Harry Patch of Wells had lunch with family and friends and a party at his home as he turned 109 on Sunday. Patch served in World War I and survived the 1917 Battle of Passchendaele where more than 70,000 men were killed. Patch said, “there’s no secret to enjoying a long life, just live a clean life.”

Sudan Agrees to U.N. Assistance in Darfur (6/18)
Sudanese President Omar al-Bashir agreed to an unconditional union with a United Nations peace force to help establish peace in the Darfur region. Violence in the area between the government-sponsored Janjaweed militias and Darfur’s rebel groups has lead to more than 200,000 deaths in the region and more than 2.5 million refugees. An African Union force of 7,000 has struggled to maintain control. The AU-UN force would number between 17,000 and 19,000 and control would be given over to the UN, with the AU doing day-to-day duties.
Sports

Spurs Sweep Cavaliers (6/14)

Cleveland managed to make the final two games of the series closer than the first two, but San Antonio still escaped with victories to sweep the Cavaliers in four games and win their fourth title in nine years. Game three was a low-scoring affair, with the Cavs’ LeBron James leading all scorers with 25 points, accounting for nearly 35% of his team’s offense. The Spurs’ Tony Parker led his team with just 17, but San Antonio still won 75-72. In game four, Parker added another 24 points, teammate Manu Ginobili led all scorers with 27, and the Spurs won 83-82, joining the Boston Celtics Minneapolis/Los Angeles Lakers, and Chicago Bulls as only the fourth NBA franchise to win four championships. Cleveland, meanwhile, was making just its first appearance ever. The French-born Parker was named Finals MVP, joining Nigeria’s Hakeem Olajuwan (1994-95) and his own teammate, the Virgin Islands’ Tim Duncan (1999, 2003, 2005) as just the third foreign-born player to win the award.

NHL Hands Out Awards (6/14)

The Professional Hockey Writers’ Association named its award winners for the NHL’s 2006-07 season Thursday. 19-year-old Sidney Crosby, captain of the Pittsburgh Penguins, became the youngest player since Wayne Gretzky in 1980 to win the Hart Trophy as the NHL’s MVP and did so in a landslide. Crosby led the league with 120 points. Vancouver goalie Roberto Luongo finished second in Hart voting, while New Jersey goalie Martin Brodeur finished third but still won the Vezina trophy as the league’s top goalie. Detroit’s Nicklas Lidstrom won his fifth Norris Trophy as the league’s top defensemen while Crosby’s teammate Evgeni Malkin took home the Calder Trophy as the rookie of the year — just one year after Crosby lost the award to Washington’s Alexander Ovechkin.

Duke Lacrosse Prosecutor Disbarred (6/17)

Raleigh, NC, District Attorney Mike Nifong was disbarred from legal practices Saturday due to unethical conduct during the Duke Lacrosse team rape case. A Durham County disciplinary committee found him guilty of more than a dozen ethical violations, which the chairman of the committee cited as a result of, “political ambition.” Three members of the Duke male lacrosse team were accused of sexually assaulting a female escort in March 2006. Nifong lied to both the presiding judge and state bar investigators, and also withheld DNA evidence that would have shown the young men as innocent in court. In April of this year, the North Carolina Attorney General took over the case and found evidence to exonerate the athletes and to condemn Nifong. Nifong’s attorney said in court that his client felt disbarment was the appropriate punishment, and that he would waive the appeals process.

O’s Fire Coach (6/18)

In the midst of an 8-game losing streak, the Baltimore Orioles made Sam Perlozzo the first manager to lose his job this season. Bullpen coach Dave Trembley will serve as the interim manager, while sources claim the team will offer the vacant position to former Marlin’s manager Joe Girardi.

Bonds Watch

Barry Bonds hit a pair of home runs in a week’s time to move within eight of surpassing Hank Aaron as the all-time home run king. Career homer 747 came on Monday, June 11 in San Francisco off of Toronto’s Josh Towers. The two-run shot came in the 4th and tied the game at three, starting a three-run inning and helping the Giants to a 4-3 victory. Home run no. 748 came on Sunday, June 17 in Boston off of Tim Wakefield. The home run was the first of Bonds’s career in Fenway Park, but the Giants lost 9-5.
## Baseball Stats

As of June 19th.

### American League

#### East

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<tr>
<th>Team</th>
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### National League

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ACROSS
2. Until I am measured, I am not known. Yet how you miss me, when I have flown!
5. I am the black child of a white father, a wingless bird, flying even to the clouds of heaven. I give birth to tears of sorrow to pupils that meet me, even though there is no cause for grief, and at once on my birth I am dissolved into air.
8. What goes up and down the stairs without moving?
10. Glistening points that downward thrust, sparkling spears that never run.
11. If, yet I have no wings I cry, yet I have no eyes. Darkness follows me, lesser light I never see.
13. I can run but not walk. Whenever I go, thought follows close behind.
14. I am neither man nor woman, never born or nursed. I am rarely still, but I never wander.
17. I'm the part of the bird that's not in the sky. I can swim in the ocean and yet remain dry.
20. Throw me off the highest building, and I'll not break. But put me in the ocean, and I will.
21. Lighter than what I'm made of, and more of me is hidden than is seen.
23. You throw away the outside and cook the inside. Then you eat the outside and throw away the inside.
26. What goes around the world but stays in a corner?
27. What gets wetter and wetter the more it dries?
28. The man who invented it doesn't want it. The man who bought it doesn't need it. The man who needs it doesn't know it.
29. Whoever makes it, tells it not. Whoever takes it, knows it not. Whoever knows it, wants it not.
30. What jumps when it walks and sits when it stands?
31. What kind of oak can only be put on when wet?
32. My thunder comes before the lightning, my lightning comes before the cloud, my rain dries all the land it touches.

DOWN
1. Give me food, and I will live, give me water, and I will die.
3. It is said among my people that some things are improved by death.
4. Tell me, what stinks while living but in death smells good?
5. What can you catch but not throw?
6. I run over fields and woods all day. Under the bed at night I do not alone. My tongue hangs out, up and to the rear awaiting to be filled in the morning.
7. You use me to slice my head and weep beside me when I am dead.
8. I'm light as a feather, yet the strongest man can't hold me for more than a minute.
9. I am weightless, but you can see me. Put me in a bucket, and I'll make it lighter.
10. I have holes in my top and bottom, my left and right, and in the middle. But I still hold water.
11. What can run but never walks, has a mouth but never talks, has a head but never weeps, has a bed but never sleeps?
12. No sooner spoken than broken. What is it?
13. At right they come without being fetched, and by day they are lost without being stolen.
14. What is it that, after you take away the whole, some still remains?
15. I have hands that wave at you, though I never say goodbye. It's cool for you to be with me, especially when I say "Hi."
16. I went into the woods and got it. I sat down to seek it. I brought it home with me because I couldn't find it.
17. My where yesterday follows today, and tomorrow's in the middle.
The purpose of Sudoku is easy, though the result can be difficult to reach. Each horizontal row must have each number 1 through 9, one number in each box. Likewise, each box in each vertical row must have a number 1 through 9. Finally, each of the nine bold-bordered boxes must have each number 1 through 9.

Numbers cannot repeat in any row or box. Good luck!
Haunted Mad-Lib

Story by: Jennifer Peters

After hearing about all the __________ (adjective) stories here at Philmont, I decided to do a ________(adjective) ________(ing verb) for myself up on Urraca Mesa. I had been ________(adjective) ________(verb) of the ________(plural noun) about the ________(organization) portal to the ________(place) in the “________” (body part) of the mesa: the ________(name), or goat sucker, and the ________(adjective) “floating blue ________(plural noun).” Now, these are all ________(things) that I would expect to hear describing a ________(adjective) mesa, but the Burger King? I realize that I am not from this part of the ________(place) and correct me if I am ________(adjective), but I thought the Burger King was a ________(thing) handing out ________(weapon of mass destruction) with ________(children’s toy) to ________(measurement) of ________(adjective) ________(noun) everyday. However, the staff at Urraca Mesa assured me that the mesa is haunted by, among other things, the Burger King.

I was able to convince five ________(people), two ________(people), and one Philnews ________(person) to ________(verb) with me over night on the mesa. I figured that if anything tried to ________(verb), us we would have plenty of ________(adjective) evidence, or, more importantly, I would only need to out ________(verb) one other person.

The trek up to Urraca was filled with the __________ (descriptive word) of the possibility of seeing something ________(adjective); little did I know that the mesa had other ________(plural noun). We set up our ________(plural noun) and were busy ________(ing verb) when the ________(adjective) ________(sound) and ________(sound) noises began. We all ________(verb) around the gas stove for ________(activity); the only real light we had was a small, battery-powered ________(thing). We attributed our uneasy feelings to our ________(thing) and shrugged it off. I started to doubt my own skepticism, maybe the stories were true.

After ________(activity), it was time to hang the ________(adjective) bag; three of our members went to find the perfect spot. We must have waited an hour with no ________(verb), ________(sound) or even ________(plural noun) from the general area since they left. All of the sudden, ________(adjective) lights appeared over the ________(place). The six of us ________(action) together in a “________ (shape) of ________(noun),” which is what we called ourselves, so that nothing could attack us from ________(direction). A few ________(length of time) went by, and I decided to search for the source of the ________(adjective) lights. I left the ________(shape) of ________(noun) with only a small ________(item) and the ________(feeling) of ________(ing verb) these ________(adjective) tales—_______(famous dog) style.

I managed to find the edge of the mesa when out jumped the Burger King with a plain ________(BK menu item) with ________(type of cheese) and ________(plural noun) in hid ________(body part). Before I could ________(sound), he says, “________ (slang phrase).” I realize at that moment that he is just a misunderstood ________(thing). Not wanting to let a good ________(food) go to ________(place), we sat at the edge of the mesa and I ate my combo. The Burger King and I engaged in a very deep, intellectual ________(action) over the pit falls of fame and his conquest for ________(noun). I left him on the mesa after I finished my ________(food) because I did not want the others to worry about ________(noun). As I ________(verb) back to the camp, I decided not to tell anyone because I knew that they would all think that I had lost my ________(possession) and tie me up in my ________(thing); but I had to get the story of the Burger King out there. I can not let anyone else be afraid of the ________(adjective) man ________(ing verb) around the ________(place) in a ________(article of clothing) and a ________(head gear) handing out free ________(food). The Burger King only wants you to “________ (slang phrase),” one ________(adjective) staffer at a time.
Philmont Field Guide Project

Philmont is in the process of developing a new Philmont Field Guide to be published in three or four years. The purpose of the field guide is, “to inspire readers to recognize and understand the natural, cultural and land management features of Philmont.”

Dave Bates, Philmont Director of Program from 1987-95, has been asked to give leadership to this endeavor. Michael Roytek, National Boy Scouts of America photographer, has been employed to take photographs for the field guide. This summer they are location and photographing wildflowers throughout Philmont and the Valle Vidal. Your help is requested in locating wildflowers to be photographed.

A wildflowers survey sheet has been distributed to leadership staff to share with anyone interested in helping with this project. Additional copies of the wildflower survey sheet are available at the Program HQ mail room and the PTC South Tent City offices. A list of wildflowers being sought will be posted alongside the survey sheet. Wildflowers already photographed will be crossed off the list. Staff and adult leaders can help by completing wildflower survey sheets for wildflowers not crossed off or any others not yet on the list.

In addition, a contact sheet of unidentified wildflowers will be posted so that staff and leaders can help by indicating correct identifications. Anyone who provides significant help with these endeavors will be acknowledged in the new Philmont Field Guide.

Dave is also working on a new edition of the Philmont Trails book which was last published in 1974. The purpose of “Philmont Trails” is, “to enable Philmont participants to locate, observe, protect and learn the significance of historical, cultural, natural, geological and scenic points of interest throughout areas frequently traveled by Philmont participants.” Your help is also crucial to the success of this project. Philmont Trails survey sheets will be placed in the same locations as the wildflower survey sheets.
Hike of the Week
By Robert Griffin

I was recently on my way to Beaubien to spend the night and enjoy their wonderful campfire, but there was a big hill in my way: Trail Peak.

You can recognize Trail Peak rather easily from base camp in one of two ways. The first is to find the Tooth of Time, then find the double-peaked mountain to the left. The second is to keep track of where all the dark storm clouds come from, since it’s also a mountain of pure evil.

Trail is not too difficult an approach, however. It’s only around five and a half miles from the Lover’s Leap turnaround (slightly more if you care to take in the Leap, of course), though the elevation change of about 800 feet from Crater Lake to the base of the mountain is likely to slow you down some.

At the bottom, the Fowler Pass trail meets the Trail Peak ascent in a spectacular meadow. Perhaps the most beautiful part of your hike, lush green grass, various wild flowers, huge trees and a real sense of seclusion make it a premier – and overlooked – spot on the ranch. And, of course, you know you’re up there when you find yourself in those aspen covered hills.

This meadow is where I faced my personal conundrum. Trail was not in my way in the sense that I had to go over it. Fowler Pass, cutting around the base of the mountain, is a much quicker route to Beaubien; and downhill to boot. Struggling with muscle cramps (drink water, folks), I had set a record pace of more than three hours to get to Crater Lake and was well behind schedule. Beaubien was my only destination for the day and I had no real reason to do Trail Peak. Fowler Pass would save both time and energy.

So, naturally, I put on my pack and started heading uphill. The hike up Trail is only about a mile, but you ascend close to 1,000 feet in that span. And while steeper trails do exist here, the real difficulty of this mountain is the fact that it offers little relief. The trail is almost the same grade the entire way, making a steady pace and careful breathing very important. Rest is hard to come by.

Though the top of Trail Peak does not offer much of a view, one of the more interesting sites on all of Philmont is found just beyond the peak on the north side. On August 21, 1941, a B-24 Liberator bomber crashed into the side of the mountain, causing the deaths of all nine men aboard. The spectacular wreckage – as well as a memorial to the event – can still be found. Before engaging in any Phil-stunts, however, please do remember that this is a grave site.

When hiking the mountain, you have a few options. If you get a ride to Beaubien the day before and start early, you get to go up the easy side of the mountain and you can certainly be back in time for the afternoon bus. Or, you can park at the Lover’s turnaround, spend the night at Beaubien and get a ride back the next morning. And certainly you could conquer it all in one day, as the round-tripe hike gives you plenty of downhill on the way back and comes out to only about 13 miles.

The question to wonder, however, is: why do it? As I sat on top, realizing I had done such a painful hike with really no reward of a majestic view, I had a hard time figuring out what the point of hiking this evil mountain is.

The only real answer is cliché, but true: because it’s there. The thrill of conquering a mountain, to go as high as you can and to push your personal limits is the opportunity we have here. Enjoy life to the fullest while you’re in God’s Country. If you push yourself up that mountain with a body that is too tired to conquer, you’ll only regret it for the few hours it takes to recover. If you avoid it, you may just regret selling yourself short for the rest of your life.
Life in a Shanty
Submission by: Rory Chapman

The winds that shook Philmont earlier this month not only knocked over tents in base camp, but also blew over the yurt at mountain bike camp Whiteman Vega. Camp Director Chris Saxton found out seconds before leaving base for scatter. Upon arriving at Whiteman, the staff found their summer home collapsed in upon itself.

Without a yurt, the staff has made the best of their situation. Their first few mornings were spent eating breakfast in the sun. The view from the yurt of the Valle Vidal is wonderful, with Baldy to the south and Little Costilla to the west.

“Who needs a yurt when you have a million dollar view,” said Whiteman Vega Program Councilor Rachael Marks.

From their open air breakfast room, the staff added a standard 10’ x 12’ Phil-tent to cover the radio and form a kitchen. This tent was supplemented with extra tarps to create a new home.

Improvements to this were soon made by the staff using two more phil-tents along with plenty of bear ropes, some bike parts, and a mop. The new home they have constructed is a more permanent temporary summer home for themselves that is cozy and stays fairly dry in the rain. They even reinstalled the screen door from the yurt where it used to be, but it only functions as a symbolic door at the moment.

With the uncertainty and changing situations in their home, the staff has remained in high spirits.

“We look forward to providing quality program despite the less then ideal conditions here,” Saxton said.

Those wishing to help the staff remain in high spirits as they await the return of their yurt are encouraged to send baked goods.

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Philmont’s Generosity

By Chaplain Rusty Cowden

I was driving back from the Kit Carson museum a few days ago, and I got to thinking about generosity. I originally started thinking about generosity because the staff at the Kit had shared some really delicious cinnamon apple bread with me as we were trading Phil-stories in their staff quarters.

As I drove back to base, I noticed once again the wonderful view of the Tooth of Time from New Mexico State Road 21. That got me to thinking about the generosity of Mr. Phillips and his gift of the ranch.

I know that Waite Phillips is remembered as a man of great vision, but I wonder if even he had any idea of how much his generosity would ripple out into the world. Hundreds of thousands of people have come to Philmont and have left changed by the experience. They have come as participants at the Philmont Training Center and have increased their knowledge; while their families reveled in our little corner of northern New Mexico. They have come as campers, hiking up and down (mostly up) our trails and discovering that they could do things they didn’t think they were capable of doing. Most of all, they (we) have come as staff, forming friendships, having fun, and even drawing paychecks because someone was generous to the Boy Scouts of America.

I wonder to what extent that generosity has filtered into those of us who are Philmont Staff for 2007? Are we generous with our time and talent as we work? Do we try to go the extra mile, or are we doing just enough to not get fired? If we see someone who looks lost/distressed/confused, are we generous with our knowledge, or do we walk on by, figuring that it is not our problem. Are we generous with our friendships, or are we only willing to talk to/sit with/hang out with people who are as cool as we are?

We are all here because someone decided to be generous. I guess that most of us don’t have 127,000 acres to spare, but we can all be generous this season. At least, I hope we will try.

A Veteran’s Tale

Submission by Peter “Smiley” MacDonough

People who tour through Philmont for so long are people who can’t adjust to regular life back home without shedding a tear. As a soldier returning from war, the Philmont tour brings home stories to excite and thrill someone to the highest. Like living in another world where your enemies are not the infamous of the old Wild West, but the howling wolf; or the grinning feline puma. One asks why she grins. At night, you close your eyes while lying in bed and remember the haunting sounds of the mountains. You cannot hear them anywhere, but you remember you heard them somewhere.
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The greatest benefit of working in a place such as Philmont, is the freedom to explore the backcountry on your days off. Already weary of Base Camp, I decided to venture into Dean Canyon by way of Head of Dean. After spending a fun filled evening with the staff of H.O.D., I bid farewell to the Rockies and made my way into the canyon.

For those who have not traveled this path, Dean Canyon is a potpourri of marsh, rock canyon, stream bed, burn out and hedge forest, all accompanied by a flowing creek. Each section has a unique mixture of sights and sounds. It was not these qualities, though, that occupied my attention. It was the sights and sounds that did not adhere to the surrounding landscape. The most disturbing of these came from the sound of me. Click, clank.

It was the orchestra of noises coming from my backpack and my pockets – overpowering the chirruping crickets and the occasional croaking frog. It is with these interruptions in the song of the season that I feel a stark division between myself and Nature.

Humankind is not disconnected with Nature. To say such things would insinuate that we were first acquainted with it. What we are separated from Nature. Looking down, I see my boot prints overriding the past tracks of sure-footed deer. While other creatures have taken great care to minimize their impact, we humans have not tread as lightly.

The trail digs deeply through the top soil. As if our feet were spades and our path a trench of war. When will the time come for us to lift this siege? Instead of living against or from Nature, when will we decide to live with it?

Thankfully, Nature is a forgiving force. Those battle trenches are now filling with sprouts of truce and the old road is now shared with the stream in armistice. Hopefully, this old trail can teach us a lesson. Be it the separation of Humanity and Nature, the everyday abuse of Nature, or a common reminder to tighten your backpack and make sure that when traveling to keep your eyes and ears open – ready to receive any knowledge that Nature could impart to you.
Paychecks FYI

Once you have signed for your paycheck, it is yours. Treat it like cash. If you lost a twenty dollar bill, the government is not going to replace it.

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Caption Contest

Your caption here. Send the Philnews your funniest and the winner will be in the June 29th issue. I-Camp to NPS.