



# **REFLECTIONS: MEMORIES**

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 02:43:29 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id CAA19871 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 02:43:29 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB3497; Sat, 16 Nov 1996 23:39:57 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
XAA17426; Sat, 16 Nov 1996 23:39:49 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id XAA17420 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Sat, 16 Nov 1996 23:39:48 -0800 (PST)  
From: DLG28CG28@aol.com  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 02:39:09 -0500  
Message-ID: <961117023908\_2047674269@emout01.mail.aol.com>  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

My most memorable experience was an overnight camping trip with Troop 141 in  
Felton, DE about 35 years ago.

While hiking to our campsite, a farmer's field, I stepped on a nail while  
passing through an old fence. Later that night, a tremendous thunderstorm  
struck and we discovered that we were at the low end of the field.

At 0200 we broke camp and I limped the two miles back to my Scoutmaster's  
house, in the pouring rain. He was an independent truck driver and there was  
an empty tractor trailer parked in his yard. The troop took shelter from the  
storm inside that trailer and closed the doors. We then discovered the last  
thing he had hauled was a load of onions !

Jim Sheets  
Eagle Scout  
ASM Troop 772

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 08:07:27 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id IAA03187 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 08:07:27 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])

by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)

with ESMTP id AAB8163; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 05:03:55 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id FAA23292; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 05:03:50 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id FAA23286 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 05:03:47 -0800 (PST)

Message-ID: <328F0D11.6FD0@DJS.COM>

Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 08:03:13 -0500

From: DonBradbury <CAM2@DJS.COM>

Organization: BSA Cradle of Liberty Council Philadelphia

X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.01 (Win95; U)

MIME-Version: 1.0

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

CC: CAM2@DJS.COM

Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

References: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

Doug Gentry wrote:

>

> Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did

> you have a truly memorable experience?

>

> If so,

>

> --> what was it?

> --> what made it so memorable?

>

> \*\*\*\*\*

> Notes on Reflections:

>

> This week-long experience for members of Jambo97 is intended to give us an

> opportunity to reflect on the special experience we are preparing for

- > 25,000 Scouts both near to us and far away.
- >
- > As with any reflection we are most interested in your thoughts,
- > experiences, and ideas. Please save your judgement for the answers others
- > give to your own hearts and conscience. If someone's contribution sparks a
- > memory or inspiration in you - by all means give them credit.
- >
- > There will be another question tomorrow, but feel free to respond to this
- > one when inspiration strikes - even if it is two weeks later!
- >
- > Have fun!
- >
- > \*\*\*\*\*
- > Another favor - please hold off on routine questions and comments during
- > the week of November 17-23. We'll drive right back in with those at the end
- > of the week. If someone forgets our request, remember that forgiveness is a
- > virtue, and that the list owner will be sending his own polite reminder.
- >
- > Yours in Scouting,
- >
- > Doug and all the Jambo97 List Members

Hi Jambo97 members!

I wasn't fortunate enough to attend a Jamboree when I was a boy. My dad was a professional Boy Scout, and it was not in our budget. My dad was our Scoutmaster and a District Executive in the Valley Forge Council (We live near Philadelphia) when he took me to the Jamboree to visit in Valley Forge in 1964 though. I was 9 years old then. I remember the massiveness of the event. It was a giant sea of tents. Thousands and thousands of multi colored tents as far as the eye could see. I remember watching the army men as they set up those very large and heavy dark colored canvas supply tents. I remember the hundreds of beautiful gateways, each one very unique, and telling where that unit was from. The merit badge midway seemed never-ending with Scouts from other countries participating as well!

I remember a friend of ours worked for the telephone company. He was a long time Scouter, and was in charge of "planting" all the telephone poles in the ground for the obstacle course, for extra phones, etc. After the Jamboree, that friend moved an entire obstacle course to his private property, where our Troop could use it when we wanted to camp there. For years, local Troops could use his property for camping, and

play on an actual Jamboree piece of equipment.

I could never go as a Scout, but I recruited 11 members of my Troop to go in 1993, and 16 Scouts and 2 adults from that same Troop for 1997. I am a JAMBO97 Scoutmaster, and can't wait!

What an awesome event! Maybe it is because I was only 9 years old in 1964, and everything looked bigger. Maybe it is because Scouting has been in my family for longer than I have been alive, and I have been brain washed. Or maybe it is because the jamboree is the greatest event there is in Scouting. What do you think?

Don Bradbury cam2@djs.com  
<http://www.djs.com/jamboree>  
<http://www.djs.com/jamboree/scouts.htm>  
<http://www.djs.com/jamboree/troop610.htm>  
<http://www.djs.com/jamboree/pack61.htm>

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 08:43:52 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id IAA06697 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 08:43:52 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB9453; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 05:40:20 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id FAA23878; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 05:40:14 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id FAA23872 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 05:40:12 -0800 (PST)  
From: scobb@vivanet.com  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 96 01:39:12 GMT  
Message-ID: <M.111696.203913.02@vivanet.com>  
References: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>  
X-Mailer: Quarterdeck Message Center [1.1]  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

> Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did  
> you have a truly memorable experience?  
>  
> If so,  
>  
> --> what was it?  
> --> what made it so memorable?  
>

My father was a Scoutmaster when I was born and continued to be one off and on for 30 years, so I have many memorable experiences. Some from when I was a scout and some from before. The two that stand out are a hike and a campout. My birthday is in Jan. and so when I turned 11 and could leave cubs for scouts I did. The first week we went on a five mile cross country hike in the snow. It may be that because I was young but the snow seemed to be more fun than obstacle. I got to start my first fire and earn my first two requirements in one day, what a way to start out a scouting career.

A few weeks later we went to the district's winter camporee. When we got there it was in an open field and the wind was blowing something fierce. Our adult leaders, using good judgement, decided that we would better off camping at our scout-house, where there was some woods. The adults and the junior leaders slept inside and the rest of us were in tents. I had my mother's down army surplus mummy bag and was toasty even though it got a bit nippy that night, I think it was about -5 degrees. I have never forgot those two nights as my introduction to scouting "on my own" not just as the scoutmaster's son.

steve cobb

"i used to be an eagle"  
even if i was only life

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 16:05:45 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id QAA18209 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 16:05:45 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])

by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)

with ESMTP id AAB18715; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:02:11 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id NAA27590; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:02:05 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id NAA27584 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:02:03 -0800 (PST)

From: dvan@inetone.net  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 16:00:44 -0500  
Message-ID: <TCPSMTP.16.11.17.-16.0.44.2243409055.1362964@main.inetone.net>  
Subject: JAMBO97 Re:JAMBO Reflection #1  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

I truly believe that my 714-P1 expedition to Philmont high adventure in the summer of 1995 is memorable. Even though it rained every day, the food stunk, and a bear stole one of our bearbags, it also had its good moments. It was the first time I had a chance to fire a black powder rifle and we carved our names in Mt. Baldy. Part of our crew went down the wrong trail and ended up in base camp a day before they were supposed to. In all, it may not have been the most enjoyable experience of my life, but the memories you get from it are priceless.

to: IN:Jambo97@hoplite.org  
cc: Dvan

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 16:50:17 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id QAA28634 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 16:50:17 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB20026; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:46:42 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id NAA28013; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:46:28 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id NAA28007 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:46:26 -0800 (PST)  
X-Sender: dwgentry@mail.wco.com  
Message-Id: <v02130502aeb536b306b4@[207.48.88.35]>  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 13:46:47 -0800  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
From: dwgentry@polarconsult.com (Doug Gentry)

Subject: JAMBO97 RE: Reflection #1  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

My sharpest memory comes from one of several summers on the staff at Ben Delatour Scout Ranch in Northern Colorado. Every summer, a leader named Joe Boshinski would bring his troop, and he'd run a tight ship. Joe was big, tough, with a boxer's nose. My memory, though, is from the evening he invited me to join his troop for one of their impromptu campfires - on top of a huge boulder near their camp. They built a fire in a pit on top of the boulder (different impact standards in the late 60s...). Big tough, mean Joe sat with his boys on that rock, under another spectacular starry Colorado night, and sang the sweetest songs to ever come from a man and his guitar. Even as an impatient youth I remember sitting back and marveling at the precious gifts our leaders provide - often wrapped in unlikely clothes.

....Doug Gentry

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Doug Gentry - dwgentry@polarconsult.com  
510-654-1837 fax: 510-654-3706  
ASM - Troop 1 - Piedmont, Calif.  
Jamboree Committee Chairman - Piedmont Council  
Somewhat mangy Buffalo (twice! - CS & BS)  
Jambo97 List Akela

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 18:51:03 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id SAA28955 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 18:51:03 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB25664; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 15:47:05 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id PAA00323; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 15:46:13 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id PAA00315 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 15:46:10 -0800 (PST)



From: wvhsrws@betterthan.northstar.k12.ak.us  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 14:48:42 -0900 (AKST)  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
In-Reply-To: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>  
Message-ID: <Pine.LNX.3.95.961117142505.14850C-100000@betterthan.northstar.k12.ak.us>  
MIME-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

Hi y'all

My most memorable experience in scouts was when I was in 1992, when I was 14, we hiked the Chilkoot Trail from Dyea, Alaska to Lake Bennett, British Columbia. Dyea is about 9 miles out of Skagway, Alaska, and used to be the old ship port for the gold rush of 1898. Prospectors were required to have around 1500 pounds of supplies by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to cross the border into Canada, and the Chilkoot was one of two passages to Lake Lindeman. Prospectors would shuttle supplies and gear across the "Toughes 33 miles in history" and build rafts at Lake Bennett and wait for the ice to flow and float down to areas like Carmacks, Dawson City, and the 40 Mile Country. Many lives were lost on this treacherous trail, but of course, the prospectors used it in the winter. Many pictures can be seen at the infamous "Golden Stairs" where there is a non stop line of people climbing up the stairs to cross the border into Canada.

On the Alaska side, you are in very wet, lush forests. On the Canadian side, it is as dry as a bone in the mountains with no trees in site until you reach the lakes. It is very beautiful country, and the other hikers are very friendly also. The whole trail is a museum; one can find old boots, boats, gears, all kinds of parts that were dumped or abandoned or lost by miners. On the Golden Stairs, which rises over 1100 feet in 1/2 mile, you can even find tram parts and towers.

After reaching the end of the trail, and a swim in Lake Bennett (take your towel to swim, its frigid water) we loaded up onto a motorized rail car to the Canadian Customs station, and took the White Pass railroad back to Skagway. The White Pass railroad in itself is an amazing feat of a narrow gauge railroad, completed in the summer of 99 or 1900, not sure, but this railroad made the Chilkoot Trail obsolete. The WP railroad follows a longer route than the Chilkoot, but before the railroad was put

in, the advantage of the White Pass was that pack animals could be used. Unfortunately, the rush was on, so the animals were worked to death, and they estimate over 12,000 pack animals died in a stretch known as "Death Valley."

The trip was outstanding. We drove down from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Skagway, over 1300 miles and back. Also, 1992 was the AL-CAN Hiway anniversary, and so there was a Jamboree at Kluane Lake, the most challenging and the point where the two roads were linked, to commemorate the event, with hundreds of Canadian and Alaskan Scouts present. It was great

FYI!!! If your troop is interested, 1898 will be the Centennial of the Gold Rush of 1998. In the planning process right now is another international Jamboree to commemorate the Gold Rush. Troops will be invited from all over Canada and the US to participate. The Jamboree will start around Whitehorse, and will move up to Dawson City, Yukon. It is a wonderful opportunity to see this country that was endured for Gold in the summer. There will be time to hike the Chilkoot on the beginning, and take a canoe/raft trip at the end down some of the same stretches of river the miners used! This event will be awesome. Plus, the Top of the World Highway from Dawson City, Yukon, through Chicken, Alaska ending up at Tetlin, Alaska (about 20 miles south of Tok) is very picturesque...and an opportunity to do something high adventure out of the ordinary. Start planning now, though, the event will be sometime in August, but shouldn't interfere with NOAC. It will be the opportunity of a lifetime, something that can't be seen or done at Philmont.

I'm there...to do it again with my troop, this time as an adult.

Rhett Skelton  
ASM Troop 10  
Midnight Sun Council  
Fairbanks, Alaska  
Toontuk Lodge Chief  
Section W-1B Secretary

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<< || \ \ hett \ \ / \ \ /+ \ \ =/ \ kelton >>  
<<=vwhsrws@betterthan.northstar.k12.ak.us=>>
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From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 18:57:55 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id SAA00544 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 18:57:55 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])

by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)

with ESMTP id AAB26348; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 15:52:40 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id PAA00586; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 15:49:52 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id PAA00580 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 15:49:50 -0800 (PST)

Message-ID: <328FBFD5.233C@texas.net>

Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 17:45:57 -0800

From: Dale & Lora Marshall <marshall1@texas.net>

X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.0 (Win16; I)

MIME-Version: 1.0

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

References: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

I guess the most memorable experiences in my youth scouting were the yearly canoe trips my troop took down the Greenbriar River in West Virginia. \*Lots\* of fun.

Vying for top spot is the first time I was allowed to go on the First-Class-and-Over trip to Dilley's Mill Scout Camp. It was in February, snowy, and the lake was always frozen solid. We slept in the screened in dining hall (cold and windy) and had a blast on the slopes on the camp, sledding down the hill and out onto the lake.

Doug Gentry wrote:

>

> Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did

> you have a truly memorable experience?

>

--

-----  
| Dale and Lora Marshall | "I wasn't born in Texas, but I got here |  
| marshall@texas.net | as fast as I could!" |  
| | - Bumper Sticker |  
|-----|  
<http://lonestar.texas.net/~marshall>

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 20:02:07 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id UAA15025 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 20:02:07 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])

by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)

with ESMTP id AAB29042; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 16:58:35 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
QAA01410; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 16:58:27 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id QAA01404 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 16:58:25 -0800 (PST)

Message-Id: <328FB33E.1E20@telechoiceonline.com>

Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 18:52:14 -0600

From: jquandt <jquandt@telechoiceonline.com>

X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.0 (Win95; U)

Mime-Version: 1.0

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Subject: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

References: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]> <328FBFD5.233C@texas.net>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

It has been about 30 years since I was in Cub Scouts in Milwaukee. My mother and another mother (Mrs. Snabley, who moved to Atlanta in the 60's with Mike, her son) worked as Den Mothers for our group. The monthly theme of the Pack meeting was something to do with the early exploration of our country.

The den mothers got the idea of making Daniel Boone outfits from old burlap bags. A neighbor lady donated an old fur coat which we made into raccoon skin caps. While I remember working on the outfits somewhat, I am sure my mom and Mrs. Snabley did most of the sewing and cutting. Broom sticks with a cut 1x3 to form the stock of the musket, and a homemade powderhorn rounded out the outfits. We were a hit at the Pack meeting...and had a lot of fun.

I was never a boy scout. Our group did not have a close relationship with a Troop. If I had been invited to attend a meeting I probably would have gone, but did not know any Boy Scouts from my grade. I am sort of making up for lost time as both my boys are in scouting and I am now a 10 year veteran as a leader. Scouting may not be for every boy, but I want to give every boy the opportunity to try.

Jeff Quandt  
SM Troop 549  
Omaha, NE  
"I used to be an Owl"

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 22:13:32 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id WAA17752 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 22:13:32 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB2344; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 19:10:00 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id TAA02782; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 19:09:54 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id TAA02776 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 19:09:52 -0800 (PST)  
Message-ID: <328FD2C0.16FE@ix.netcom.com>  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 22:07:58 -0500  
From: Rick <rick513@ix.netcom.com>  
X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.0 (Win95; I)  
MIME-Version: 1.0  
To: "jambo97@hoplite.org" <jambo97@hoplite.org>  
Subject: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii  
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

Hello All,

I am not new to this list but this is the first time I have written so here is my personal info.

My name is Rick Ebersole

I am an Eagle Scout (Class of 81)

a Vigil Honor Member of the OA

Scoutmaster of Troop 288 Malta, Ohio

Have attended 6 NOAC's 2 on Shows Staff

Attended the 81 Jambo as a Scout

Worked Jambo 85 and 89 as Staff for East Central Region Sub Camps

Worked Jambo 93 for Arena Shows

Working Jambo 97 for Arena Show

Theres probably more but thats enough

Reflection #1

what was it?

what made it so memorable?

My most memorable experience would be when I was 15 years old (1981). In that year I recieved Scoutings highest Honor that of Eagle Scout, I was inducted in to the Order of the Arrow and I attended the 1981 National Scout Jamboree. Since then I have attended every Jamboree but I still remember that first one in 1981 as if it were yesterday. The Shows were out of this world and the number of scouts and scouter that I saw there when I was 15 years old was just unbelievable to me. I was able to see Scouting in a way that I had never before seen it. I was able to do everything that I thought at the time Scouting could offer. Like I said I have attended every Jamboree since and yes the Jamboree site has been improved flush facilities, HOT showers, better roads, there have been bigger name stars at the Shows and the Fireworks just keep getting better but I think I will always remember the way it was in 1981 when I walk down the now paved roads and daydream back to yesterday.

Hope this is what you had in mind.

Rick Ebersole

Scoutmaster

I used to be a bear...

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 22:15:25 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id WAA18383 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 22:15:25 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB2510; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 19:11:24 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
TAA02828; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 19:10:50 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id TAA02822 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 19:10:48 -0800 (PST)  
Message-Id: <199611180310.WAA15166@bort.mv.net>  
From: "Brad Jobel" <brad@jobel.mv.com>  
To: <jambo97@hoplite.org>  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 10:23:15 -0500  
X-MSMail-Priority: Normal  
X-Priority: 3  
X-Mailer: Microsoft Internet Mail 4.70.1155  
MIME-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=ISO-8859-1  
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

< Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did  
> you have a truly memorable experience?

>

Yes

> If so,

>

> --> what was it?

Taking the Disabilities awareness merit badge at hidden valley scout  
reservation in gilmannton NH.

> --> what made it so memorable?

Working with my scout masters deaf daughter and finally understanding that it doesn't take a huge effort to make an influence in somebody's life. All it takes is a open heart and a good set of ears.

>

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 23:21:24 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id XAA02345 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 23:21:24 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB5441; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 20:17:50 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id UAA03890; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 20:17:38 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id UAA03884 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 20:17:37 -0800 (PST)  
X-Authentication-Warning: silver.missouri.edu: c688132 owned process doing -bs  
Date: Sun, 17 Nov 1996 22:17:25 -0600 (CST)  
From: "Curtis P. Hains" <c688132@showme.missouri.edu>  
X-Sender: c688132@silver.missouri.edu  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
In-Reply-To: <199611180310.WAA15166@bort.mv.net>  
Message-ID: <Pine.A41.3.95.961117220842.101794B-100000@silver.missouri.edu>  
MIME-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: TEXT/PLAIN; charset=US-ASCII  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

I haven't been considered an adult in Scouting but for a few months, so it's really hard to pick one memory. Yet, I believe one of the most memorable experiences occurred in the summer of 1990.

It was my first year at summer camp, and I took first aid as one of my merit badge classes. The staff member really sparked my interest in medicine that summer, and I enjoyed every moment of that class. I was even recognized in front of the whole camp as the only scout who scored a 100% on the first aid quiz. When we returned from camp, the Scouts in my



troop always came to me with their cuts and bruises. I was known as the unofficial troop medic.

Now I am attending college at the University of Missouri-Columbia. I am a licensed emergency medical technician, and am a pre-med fisheries and wildlife major (it's a long story). I can truly say that Scouting helped me decide to set the goal of becoming a physician. I now work at that same summer camp in an attempt to give back to Scouting what it has given to me!

Curtis P. Hains

---

M M IIII ZZZZZ ZZZZZ OOOOO U U  
MM MM I Z Z O O U U  
M M M I Z Z O O U U  
M M IIII ZZZZZ ZZZZZ OOOOO UUUUU

-----  
<http://www.missouri.edu/~c688132/lodge216/lodge.htm>

<http://www.missouri.edu/~c688132/>

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 01:01:11 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id BAA18006 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 01:01:11 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])

by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)

with ESMTP id AAB7550; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 21:57:34 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id VAA04642; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 21:57:28 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id VAA04636 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 21:57:26 -0800 (PST)

Message-ID: <32902428.4A11@surfsouth.com>

Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 00:54:00 -0800

From: "Francis J. Rentz" <frentz@surfsouth.com>

X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.01KIT (Win16; U)

MIME-Version: 1.0

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

References: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

One of the true joys of Scouting are the memories. It is most difficult to pick out just one. There were so many that were so good they will never be forgotten.

My most precious memory of Scouting concerns my father. Dad was a Scoutmaster for 17 years. He was a Cubmaster for 2 years, took over as SM when I moved up to the troop, and continued on for many years after I went off to college. We spent many wonderful days and nights together over a period of 8 years while I was in or worked with the troop. We developed a bond much stronger than we ever would have if it had not been for the time we spent together in Scouting. The adventures together camping, hiking, at summer camp, in the OA, and leading a troop were great times.

Memories such as: Remembering a harried Scoutmaster trying to remain calm as he supervised about 10 young scouts while they attempted to raise a surplus 20 man army tent without reading the directions. Or the patient Scoutmaster that taught kid after kid again and again how to button up shelter halves, how to make stakes and poles, and how to ditch them, camping trip after camping trip.

Remembering one of the older scouts having to slam on brakes and pull over to the side of the road every 20 miles or so to add oil to his father's old English Ford work car on a 60 mile trip to camp out. The rings in the engine were so shot that he carried 5 gallons of burnt motor oil in the back so he would have enough to get where he was going. "Scruffy" would pull into a service station and tell the attendant to fill up the oil and check the gas. He got many perplexed looks from that, especially when they found out that he was serious.

Remembering hiking 8 miles on a winter campout with a home-made tent that Dad and I made out of visqueen by setting grommets in the edges to make a pseudo tarp tent. Also remember both of us waking up the next morning with wet feet. Condensation had run down the plastic and right onto the bottoms of the sleeping bags where they were touching the plastic.

Remembering loading all of the troop and all of the gear in one of dad's feed mill van trucks to go camping many times in the 1960's. (The rules were much different then!!) I would drive the truck and Dad would follow to make sure everybody was behaving and staying away from the back end of the truck even though we had the bottom half of the doorway blocked off with 2 x 6's.

Remembering waking up at Philmont and finding bear tracks right by the tent along with

the torn up cheese squeeze tubes that someone neglected to put in the bear bag the evening before.

Remembering that 1st jet flight going to the World Jamboree in 1967 followed by 5 nights and 4 days on a train from Chicago to Idaho. Eating meals in a baggage car off of plywood tables running down the middle with ASM Mr. B. asking for somebody to please pass the mouse turd.

Dad and I do not get together as often as we would like to now, but when just the two of us get together on the yard swing or driving somewhere, many times the conversation goes back to our Scouting days together when one of us asks "do you remember....." The memory is always pleasant, always enjoyable, and sometimes funny.

I believe deeply in what Scouting has to offer boys and what Scouting stands for. I was very fortunate to have a father who was willing to take the time to learn how to be a Scoutmaster and who was willing to give some of himself to his son. I profited greatly from Scouting and now it is my turn and obligation to give some back. That is one of the reasons that I am a Scoutmaster now; the other is my son. My son earned his Eagle earlier this year and I am very proud of him. But more importantly, I am hoping that my son and I can develop that same kind of relationship and bond that my dad and I developed so many years ago. If I can accomplish that, I will consider myself successful.

Thanks for the memories.

Jim Rentz  
SM T-503 Bainbridge, GA

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 20 00:17:43 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id AAA02563 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 00:17:43 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET (8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id VAA07072; Tue, 19 Nov 1996 21:14:10 -0800 (PST)

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id DAA02211; Tue, 19 Nov 1996 03:36:30 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id DAA02205 for jambo97-outgoing; Tue, 19 Nov 1996 03:36:27 -0800 (PST)

From: colonelzig@juno.com

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Subject: JAMBO97 Reflections

Message-ID: <19961119.072559.12095.1.ColonelZig@juno.com>

X-Mailer: Juno 1.15  
X-Juno-Line-Breaks: 20-21,26-29,31-32,34,36  
Date: Tue, 19 Nov 1996 06:35:57 EST  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

I remember the '64 Jamboree as being one of the greatest events of my life. The trip to Washington found my patrol lost at the Smithsonian Institute for over two hours while Mr. Stephenson (the SM) frantically looked for us. My patrol leader was Orville Marze, the only scout of color in our troop. He was several years older than the rest of the patrol. Although several of the patrol members were eagles, Orville, a life scout, was elected patrol leader. He looked after his "pioneer" patrol quite well. He taught me how to play the guitar. Something that I have enjoyed doing over the years. Together, the pioneer patrol completed the entire Valley Forge Historical Trail during one very hot and humid afternoon. Dan Blocker (Hoss on Bonanza) had lunch with us one day and boy could he eat. Eagle Scout and Astronaut Edward White (who died in Apollo 1) came to our campsite and spoke to us. I still remember President Johnson flying in by helicopter with the fireworks (or was it a 21 gun salute) and roar of the crowd. I remember having a problem trading my OA flaps because they were not "fully embroidered." An unknown leader came over to several of us while I was unsuccessfully attempting to trade with other scouts and said that he needed my flap to complete a part of his collection. He gave be two beautifully embroidered flaps for my rather drab flap (I still have those two flaps) and my market value with the others immediately increased.

Recently, I had the pleasure of being introduced as emcee of an annual eagle dinner by the then president of our council. He stated that our friendship went back to our being fellow troop members at Valley Forge in '64. He then passed around a picture of our Jamboree troop with our pictures circled. It was a great introduction!

Yours in Scouting,

Ziggy Bernfeld

^\_""\_^

2nd ASM, Westchester-Putnam Council, NY, Troop "A" n e

I used to be a fox...

\ " /

83

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 20 00:39:57 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id AAA06091 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 00:39:57 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET  
(8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id VAA09324; Tue, 19 Nov 1996 21:36:23 -0800 (PST)  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
VAA19733; Tue, 19 Nov 1996 21:36:16 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id VAA19727 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Tue, 19 Nov 1996 21:36:14 -0800 (PST)  
X-Sender: dwgentry@mail.wco.com  
Message-Id: <v02130506aeb848ab1ac1@[199.4.109.119]>  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"  
Date: Tue, 19 Nov 1996 21:36:38 -0800  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
From: dwgentry@polarconsult.com (Doug Gentry)  
Subject: JAMBO97 Re: Jambo97 Reflection #1  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

Forwarded from Tom Cannon...

--- begin forwarded text

From: "Z. Thomas Cannon" <drzbod@usit.net>  
Subject: Reflections #1

First of all, I am Z. Cannon and I am subscribed to Jambo 97 thru my office  
e-mail. My new e-mail address at home is drzbod@usit.net

I have been reading thru this first reflection and I love it. I am not  
trying to analyze it, or look deeply for hidden meanings; just remembering.

I wasn't a scout as a young man, but in the approximately 16 years as a scouter I have had some of the greatest experiences a man could ever hope to have. I believe my greatest experience has been with my oldest son.

On a beautiful autumn friday afternoon we gathered at our scout hut on Ft Knox, Kentucky. We had just reorganized the adult leadership of our Troop to also include a Varsity Team. The outgoing Scoutmaster let us know he would show us a "shortcut". After a two hour ride (should have been one), we found ourselves at our district fall camp-o-ree.

Yes, we had arrived and we were also in the middle of a terrible thunder storm with lightening all around. It was not unlike a war movie, with bombs bursting all around. The lightening was sizzeling the earth not 50 feet from our camp site.

Our scouts rapidly unloaded the truck and began to set up tents for protection from the elements. I was having quite a time setting up my own tent, and keeping an eye on the boys. I don't remember if we were one tent short, or exactly what happened. My 13 year old son came over to my tent to ask how dad was doing. I said fine. The boys were having a terrible time erecting their small city, but they were getting it done. IN any case the tents were going to be snug with the number of boys that we had.

A few minutes later, my son, again came over to check on dad. By then I was doing pretty well. My tent was up, the inside was dry, and I was happy that the boys were succeeding in finishing their tents. My son, Kirk, wanted to know this time if dad was going to be ok by himself. I assured him that I would be fine and dry. I then asked Kirk if he would be ok, and dry. He said that he would be ok, but that his sleeping bed had gotten pretty wet. I asked him if he wanted to sleep in my tent with me and he said that he would be ok with the boys.

We had planned on individual meals for that friday night, so I had brought sausage, bagels and something to drink for Kirk and I. A few minutes later, this big strappin 13 year old came back over to check on dad. He let me know that he thought that I needed somebody to keep me company throughout the night. He volunteered to sleep with the new Team Coach.

We crawled into my dry tent - remember, it was raining, thundering and lightening all around us. We pulled out our supper from our back packs and said a blessing for our food and prayed for a safe night. We quietly ate our supper and unrolled and unzipped our sleeping bags ( his wet and mine dry) and made a rather comfortable bed, and both of us could sleep dryly.

Before we finally turned in for the night, Kirk leaned over and planted a loving kiss on his dad's cheek and said "Dad, if you weren't here now, I would be mighty scared, I Love You"

Those three words and the feelings that we shared that night have warmed me up and dried me off many times. It has never bothered me to be wet and cold when out scouting. My neighbor in Germany would cancel his plans when he found out that my boys and I were going camping, because he knew it was going to rain. That never stopped us. I will always count it as time very well spent, and seeds of Love well planted.

--- end forwarded text

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 12:57:51 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id MAA09351 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 12:57:51 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB24890; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 09:54:19 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id JAA15262; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 09:54:13 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id JAA15256 for jambo97-outgoing; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 09:54:11 -0800 (PST)  
Message-Id: <199611181754.JAA15248@freke.hoplite.org>  
Priority: urgent  
Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 09:52:00 -0800  
From: "Chambers, Ric" <RICC@marketingone.com>  
Subject: JAMBO97 Memories  
To: "Jambo97" <jambo97@hoplite.org>  
X-Mailer: Worldtalk (NetConnex V4.00a)/MIME  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

I was lucky to have a Scoutmaster who was a legend and spend 30 years as

leader of our troop. He was an outdoorsman and a dedicated Scouter and I have actually seen him chop down a tree, and drop it "on a dime", literally. About 1964, our troop took a winter backpack trip in central Tennessee near the town of Sewanee, a beautiful college town. The leaves had turned there was a slight dusting of snow and we camped under some bluffs in the forest with out tents. Very much like cavemen. My Scoutmaster placed a big flat slab of sand stone over the fire, nice and level and when it was hot and covered with bacon grease it was a perfect grill, and we did not soil one pot or pan. But we had no spatula/egg turner, so he carved one from a piece of cedar. Today, in my chest of drawers at home, I have a "scouting drawer" and in the bottom, under all of the old neckerchiefs, still smelling of bacon grease, is that old cedar spatula that we used so long ago.

Ricc  
Portland OR.

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 15:09:36 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id PAA21322 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 15:09:36 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB29850; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 12:06:04 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id MAA17123; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 12:05:57 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id MAA17117 for jambo97-outgoing; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 12:05:55 -0800 (PST)  
From: RBaldwin@swri.edu  
Date: Mon, 18 Nov 96 14:04:24 CST  
Message-ID: <vines.3jg8+63AYmA@d26vs046d.ccf.swri.edu>  
X-Priority: 3 (Normal)  
To: <JAMBO97@hoplite.org>  
Subject: JAMBO97 Reflections  
MIME-Version: 1.0  
Content-type: text/plain;  
charset=US-ASCII  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:



Doug Gentry Said:

--> what made it so memorable?

I think the reflections presented are ignoring this part of the "reflection" or evaluation of the experience. In studying these and my own memorable experiences some components of the experience come to mind as common:

- 1) An activity or experience that could not be done on one's own -- it requires an organization or a strong leader with a plan.
- 2) A positive-minded leader who can carry the group through the experience emphasizing the positive and eliminating the negatives. (Bad memories are just as memorable, but not to be sought.)
- 3) A group of like-minded participants. They have some common interest that brings and holds them together. They should also be positive-minded in order to make the experience positive.
- 4) It helps if the group sets out to have a memorable experience -- conscious of what it takes to make the experience good.
- 5) A variety of skills or backgrounds present and a willingness of the participants to recognize and use what others can contribute.
- 6) A mutual respect by all participants for all others.

Other contributing factors are:

An exceptional locale; also one that is different from what the participants are used to (Away from home and willing to be there.).

With a change of attitude, most of these can also be used to produce a memorable NEGATIVE experience and memory.

These are the components that occur to my COPE-trained mind.

What else do you see as factors in a memorable experience?

I think our moderator is asking us to try to extract this analysis from our experiences.

Richard Baldwin

Alamo Area Council COPE Director

Action Alley "A"

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Nov 17 01:24:42 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from server1.capaccess.org (server1.CapAccess.org [207.91.115.5]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id BAA13714 for <mfbowman@cap1.CapAccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 01:24:42 -0500

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by server1.capaccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id BAA91784 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 17 Nov 1996 01:16:29 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])

by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB1531; Sat, 16 Nov 1996 22:19:18 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
WAA16776; Sat, 16 Nov 1996 22:19:11 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id WAA16770 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Sat, 16 Nov 1996 22:19:09 -0800 (PST)  
X-Sender: dwgentry@mail.wco.com  
Message-Id: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"  
Date: Sat, 16 Nov 1996 22:19:33 -0800  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
From: dwgentry@polarconsult.com (Doug Gentry)  
Subject: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did  
you have a truly memorable experience?

If so,

--> what was it?

--> what made it so memorable?

\*\*\*\*\*

Notes on Reflections:

This week-long experience for members of Jambo97 is intended to give us an  
opportunity to reflect on the special experience we are preparing for  
25,000 Scouts both near to us and far away.

As with any reflection we are most interested in your thoughts,  
experiences, and ideas. Please save your judgement for the answers others  
give to your own hearts and conscience. If someone's contribution sparks a  
memory or inspiration in you - by all means give them credit.

There will be another question tomorrow, but feel free to respond to this  
one when inspiration strikes - even if it is two weeks later!

Have fun!

\*\*\*\*\*

Another favor - please hold off on routine questions and comments during the week of November 17-23. We'll drive right back in with those at the end of the week. If someone forgets our request, remember that forgiveness is a virtue, and that the list owner will be sending his own polite reminder.

Yours in Scouting,

Doug and all the Jambo97 List Members

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 09:38:52 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id JAA11033 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 09:38:52 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB17711; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 06:35:19 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id GAA12416; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 06:35:14 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id GAA12410 for jambo97-outgoing; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 06:35:12 -0800 (PST)  
From: tebear05@interserv.com  
Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 06:35:00 -0800  
Message-Id: <199611181435.AA06462@relay.interserv.com>  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain  
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
In-Reply-To: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>  
X-Mailer: SPRY Mail Version: 04.00.06.21  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

On Sat, 16 Nov 1996, dwgentry@polarconsult.com (Doug Gentry) wrote:

>Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did  
>you have a truly memorable experience?

>

>If so,

>

>--> what was it?

>--> what made it so memorable?

>

>

>\*\*\*\*\*

>Notes on Reflections:

>

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>

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>experiences, and ideas. Please save your judgement for the answers others

>give to your own hearts and conscience. If someone's contribution sparks a

>memory or inspiration in you - by all means give them credit.

>

>There will be another question tomorrow, but feel free to respond to this

>one when inspiration strikes - even if it is two weeks later!

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>Have fun!

>

>\*\*\*\*\*

>Another favor - please hold off on routine questions and comments during

>the week of November 17-23. We'll drive right back in with those at the end

>of the week. If someone forgets our request, remember that forgiveness is a

>virtue, and that the list owner will be sending his own polite reminder.

>

>Yours in Scouting,

>

>Doug and all the Jambo97 List Members

>

>

My name is Barry A. Brown. Today I am father of a jambo97 bound scout, a member of our troop committee and perpetual -or so it seems - scoutmaster and law merit badge counselor at Sam Houston A.C.'s winter camp. I have several

fond scouting memories.

My father, also an Eagle and holder of the Silver Beaver, was active in District and Council affairs in New Brunswick, N.J. our home council and in those days National HQ. He arranged for me to attend the 1960 Jambo in Colorado Springs. I was then 12.

The trip - by bus - called for overnighting at airforce bases and touring highlights along our path. I recall staying at an Airforce Base which went on SAC Standby Alert while we were there. [We were restricted to the mess hall until the alert was over]. And I recall a tent city that seemed to go on forever under on the high plane of Colorado. Pikes Peak, Indian Kiva, Dodge City, Scouts from places I'd never thought of actually seeing, let alone living. Many, many fond memories.

God Speed and Good luck to all those who work with our boys, building the real bridge to the next century!!!

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 10:32:52 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id KAA27621 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 10:32:52 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB18719; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 07:29:20 -0800  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id HAA12848; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 07:29:14 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id HAA12842 for jambo97-outgoing; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 07:29:13 -0800 (PST)  
Message-Id: <2.2.32.19961118153041.006ab874@ohoc01.oh.dupont.com>  
X-Sender: stongerj@ohoc01.oh.dupont.com  
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Pro Version 2.2 (32)  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"  
Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 09:30:41 -0600  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
From: "Rich St. Onge" <stongerj@ohoc01.oh.dupont.com>  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO

X-Status:

When I was a boy (1950's - 1960's) I lived in the Detroit Area Council. I belonged to a Cub Pack that had (I am not kidding) 300 cubs in it. We had 26 assistant cubmasters and our Troop was not much smaller. Because of the size of the troop you had to be a Webelos scout in order to join the troop (things sure were different then!!). As a result, I never got to join Boy Scouts, but I do have one very vivid memory.....

We got to go on a camping trip with the older scouts. It was my first camping trip and I did not have the faintest idea what to do, or how to do it. I remember my Dad let me borrow his sleeping bag, but he cautioned me to be sure to air it out before I rolled it up for the return trip. The first morning I got up, and trying to do what my Dad has asked, I went to one of the adult leaders (who was standing around with other adults) and asked him if there was a place that I could air out my sleeping bag. He pointed out a flag pole about a hundred yards away and told me I could hang it on the flagpole to air it out. I guess I got about halfway there before I realized that it was not going to work. I looked back at the Scoutmaster, and he and all the other adults were grinning. He then took me and showed me how to air out my sleeping bag while telling me not to worry about asking for help.

We all had a good laugh & I never forgot how someone could ask a stupid question, and that could be turned into a real learning experience. We all had fun and somehow what he said did not make me feel dumb or stupid.

To this day I often wish I had that kind of communications skills that could make a boy laugh at himself and not feel like he was being laughed at.

Rich St. Onge

I used to be a beaver.....

At 10:19 PM 11/16/96 -0800, you wrote:

>Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did

>you have a truly memorable experience?

>

>If so,

>

>--> what was it?

>--> what made it so memorable?

>

>  
>\*\*\*\*\*  
>Notes on Reflections:  
>  
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>opportunity to reflect on the special experience we are preparing for  
>25,000 Scouts both near to us and far away.  
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>As with any reflection we are most interested in your thoughts,  
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>give to your own hearts and conscience. If someone's contribution sparks a  
>memory or inspiration in you - by all means give them credit.  
>  
>There will be another question tomorrow, but feel free to respond to this  
>one when inspiration strikes - even if it is two weeks later!  
>  
>Have fun!  
>  
>\*\*\*\*\*  
>Another favor - please hold off on routine questions and comments during  
>the week of November 17-23. We'll drive right back in with those at the end  
>of the week. If someone forgets our request, remember that forgiveness is a  
>virtue, and that the list owner will be sending his own polite reminder.  
>  
>Yours in Scouting,  
>  
>Doug and all the Jambo97 List Members  
>  
>  
>

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 10:55:30 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from server1.capaccess.org (server1.CapAccess.org [207.91.115.5]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id KAA03414 for  
<mfbowman@cap1.CapAccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 10:55:30 -0500  
Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by  
server1.capaccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id KAA74145 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 10:44:22 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB20025; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 07:47:10 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id HAA13332; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 07:47:03 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id HAA13326 for jambo97-outgoing; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 07:47:01 -0800 (PST)

Message-Id: <c=US%a=\_%p=Salomon%l=EXCHNJ02-961118154633Z-5337@exchnj03.sbi.com>

From: "Schatzberg, Michael B" <ms12538@imcnam.sbi.com>

To: "'Jamboree 97 list'" <jambo97@hoplite.org>

Subject: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 10:46:33 -0500

X-Mailer: Microsoft Exchange Server Internet Mail Connector Version 4.0.993.5

Encoding: 20 TEXT

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

As a young boy, I often visited my aunt. Through her I got to new a commercial artist by the name of Irving Geis who's studio was in her building. This man allowed me to assist him in his work. Rather than treating me like a small boy, he spoke to me with respect, asking my opinion and giving me jobs to do. I developed film, cleaned his studio and we brainstormed how to create many pictures.

By showing me he valued my opinion and not talking down to me, he gave me great gifts - self confidence and sense of personal importance. I credit these gifts with helping me become what I am today.

I try, through my work in Scouting, to give back those gifts to the boys in my Troop, district and council.

See you at the jamboree,

Mike Schatzberg

Bus. Manager, Jamboree Today

All the news that fits in 8 pages, we print !

mschatzberg@sbi.com

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Mon Nov 18 16:55:16 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org



Received: from server1.capaccess.org (server1.CapAccess.org [207.91.115.5]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id QAA29551 for <mfbowman@cap1.CapAccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 16:55:16 -0500

Received: from playpen.internex.net (playpen.InterNex.Net [199.2.13.17]) by server1.capaccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id QAA94421 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 16:45:23 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org ([205.158.197.130])  
by playpen.internex.net (post.office MTA v2.0 0813 ID# 0-11030)  
with ESMTP id AAB4459; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 13:48:02 -0800

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id NAA18603; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 13:47:52 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id NAA18597 for jambo97-outgoing; Mon, 18 Nov 1996 13:47:50 -0800 (PST)

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Date: Mon, 18 Nov 1996 15:26:25 PST

Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

Message-ID: <19961118.152645.4742.0.blainej@juno.com>

References: <v02130500aeb66b80f35f@[207.48.88.26]>

X-Mailer: Juno 1.00

X-Juno-Line-Breaks: 1-4,6-7,17-18,27-28,32,34-35,40-41,44-45,55-56,  
61-62,68-69,71-72,76-79

From: blainej@juno.com (Blaine A. Jackson)

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

On Sat, 16 Nov 1996 22:19:33 -0800 dwgentry@polarconsult.com (Doug Gentry) writes:

>Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age.

>Did you have a truly memorable experience?

This is not a Scouting memory, but please indulge me. I think it is significant to my work as a Scouter.

I never really had an opportunity to be a Boy Scout. The very small town I grew up on did not have a Scouting program. My next door neighbor's mother started a Cub den and it met for a short while, but I was not old enough to join before it folded. When I was a teenager, there was an announcement in school that a man who had just moved to the town was organizing an Explorer Post. I was the first to show up, and joined immediately. To the best of my memory, we met three times. When I went

to the fourth meeting, no one else showed up. Everyone but me had gotten the message that the leader had had to move again and the Post was not going to meet.

What I do remember vividly is the time I spent with my father outdoors. My father was older (42 when I was born), and was not in good health much of the time. He was a game and fish officer (we called it Game Warden). From the earliest that I can remember, I was allowed to go to work with him (except during deer season). Any time his truck left the house I wanted to be in it with him, and was most of the time when I was not in school. I am sure that this also helped my mother who was a semi-invalid much of the time, since she did not have to worry about me.

I remember many specific day spent with my father as I "helped" him work.

I remember many of the men he worked with, and they all seemed to accept my presence, even his "boss". I know how much I loved all of that time spent outdoors.

Those times are some of the most pleasant of my life prior to meeting my wife, getting married and our sons being born.

One of the clearest memories of those specific days is not pleasant, but is very significant to me. I was "working" with my father and "helping" him on the day he died, when I was nine. After that day, my outdoor "life" almost ended. Not only did I no longer have anyone to go with, but my responsibilities for helping my mother increased.

For many years I enjoyed sporadic opportunities to work or play "in the woods". When my children were young, we camped with them occasionally, but there was never enough time for much outdoor life.

My older son tried Cub Scouts once, but did not like it and quit. Three years later, he tried again and enjoyed 4th grade Webelos. Like many of you (probably) I took him to re-register for 5th grade Webelos, and discovered there was no leader. (I still know the date: September 26, 1992.) I knew nothing about scouts, but I did know something about the outdoors, so I was volunteered. I was a Webelos leader for six boys for seven months, and then all six boys crossed over to Boy Scouts. The Troop my son joined was kind enough to ask me to work as an Assistant Scoutmaster. (My younger son is also now a Scout, and my wife is a committee member.)

I soon discovered that I had found what I was missing. Not only was I able to "get outdoors", but I could do it with my sons, and I could help

other boys at the same time. I had always worked with several youth organizations, but I now limit myself only to my "one hour a week" with Boy Scouts.

Since becoming a Scouter 3 1/2 years ago, I have completed 8 or 10 training courses, including Wood Badge, Wilderness Medicine and three Challenge Course Instructor schools. Four years ago I could not tie a "figure-8 follow through"; I now teach climbing and rappelling. Even my wife thinks that I learned some useful things at Wood Badge (and she rapells with us).

I am now SM of Troop 450 Bentonville, Arkansas; and will serve as 1st Assistant to one of our Jambo Troops; both my sons will attend.

I am a firm believer that Scouting is a wonderful program for boys. I also think it is a great program for adults. It has allowed me to have exciting times with my own sons, while sharing with them and the other boys the type experiences with my father which I remember most fondly.

blaine jackson

I never was a Scout, but I am a confirmed Scouter.

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 20 08:34:53 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from server1.capaccess.org (server1.CapAccess.org [207.91.115.5]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id IAA22723 for <mfbowman@cap1.CapAccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 08:34:53 -0500

Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by server1.capaccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id IAA42094 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 08:23:26 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET (8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id FAA23977; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 05:26:17 -0800 (PST)

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id FAA28196; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 05:26:10 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id FAA28188 for jambo97-outgoing; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 05:26:07 -0800 (PST)

Message-ID: <c=US%a=\_%p=NPPD%l=CGOEXG02-961120132309Z-227@cgoexg01.nppdnet>

From: "Day, Steven L." <slday@nppd.net>

To: "'Jambo List'" <jambo97@hoplite.org>

Subject: RE:JAMBO97 Reflection #1

Date: Wed, 20 Nov 1996 07:23:09 -0600

X-Mailer: Microsoft Exchange Server Internet Mail Connector Version 4.0.994.63

MIME-Version: 1.0

Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

I can remember a lot of things about my years as a scout with Troop #395 in Boynton Beach, Florida, but the thing I remember most fondly was the chance to do things I wouldn't get to do without Scouting. My Scoutmaster was a fellow named Tony Caratenuto (I'm not sure of the spelling - Tony, please forgive me) who was a General Contractor in the area. Tony taught us what it was to perform service projects for Scouts. He was in the original crew that built the first buildings in our new camp. We were able to go as scouts and help build the buildings with Tony and other adults. What a lot of fun we had and we learned a lot about service to others (we didn't know it then).

I would like to add that Tony's influence must have been strong. I was still working on Tanah-Keeta Scout Reservation when I moved away from South Florida three years ago. Some of that work in the last year or so was on the very buildings I helped build almost 40 years ago!

Yours in Scouting,

Steve Day  
District Committee Chair, Big Blue District  
Cornhusker Council  
25 Eastridge Drive North  
York NE 68467-3922  
402-362-1721  
slday@nppd.com  
SE-407 Owl

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 20 16:55:13 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from server1.capaccess.org (server1.CapAccess.org [207.91.115.5]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id QAA29622 for <mfbowman@cap1.CapAccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 16:55:13 -0500  
Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by server1.capaccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.12) with ESMTP id QAA65422 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 16:45:46 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET (8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id NAA21402; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 13:48:31 -0800 (PST)

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id NAA09320; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 13:48:26 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id NAA09314 for jambo97-outgoing; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 13:48:24 -0800 (PST)

From: MARC53@aol.com

Date: Wed, 20 Nov 1996 16:47:12 -0500

Message-ID: <961120164711\_140368021@emout09.mail.aol.com>

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Subject: JAMBO97 Re: Jambo97 - Reflection 1

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

Great idea to get us thinking about seeing the event through a boy's eyes.

I think back on all of my Scouting years in the 60's as memorable. As I was from "the city" (Brooklyn) it was nice to get to camp and be in the "country". It became especially nice when my father was suckered in with the hour-a-week pitch and became Scoutmaster. Both he and I learned our outdoors skills together.

The old joke about not being able to boil water was no joke for me. I learned the correct way to boil water on one of my first trips - to Sanita Hills. I was assigned to help make breakfast. Someone tossed a box of cereal and a pot at me and told me to get to work. The instructions on the cereal box said to bring the water to a rolling boil, then add the oatmeal and simmer for a while. To my 11 year old mind, you could get water to roll by pouring it down the inside of the pot very fast. That way, you see, it would roll when it hit the bottom. To simmer, I believed you were supposed to put the pot on the table and let it soak. Needless to say, my Scoutmaster was very surprised when (1) there was no steam coming out of the pot when he lifted the lid, and (2) the oatmeal was crunchy. He showed me the part about putting the pot on the fire, and I did eventually move on to other recipes.

However, before the the next few meals I think I may have been sent out for some skyline and goose grease to keep everyone elses stomachs safe!

Marc Sherman

Assistant Scoutmaster, Suffolk County Contingent Troop 2

Assistant Scoutmaster, Troop 343, Hauppauge

I used to be a Bear (NEII-81), working ticket

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 20 17:51:07 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id RAA20111 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 17:51:07 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET  
(8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id OAA24109; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 14:47:33 -0800 (PST)  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
OAA10288; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 14:47:27 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id OAA10282 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 14:47:25 -0800 (PST)  
Message-Id: <1.5.4.32.19961120225546.00679b70@pop.sonic.net>  
X-Sender: gmaresh@pop.sonic.net  
X-Mailer: Windows Eudora Light Version 1.5.4 (32)  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="us-ascii"  
Date: Wed, 20 Nov 1996 14:55:46 -0800  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
From: Gary Maresh <gmaresh@sonic.net>  
Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

One of the most memorable times I had in scouting was in the summer of 1968. Our troop in addition to going to scout camp for two weeks in the Rocky Mountains, went on a white water raft trip down the Yampa and or the Green rivers in Dinosaur National Monument, Utah. One evening on the third day of the trip we had pulled up to a campsite on the river, you can only camp at certain spots along the canyon walls. There was another party there before us with tents set up and dinner cooking on the fire. We proceeded to make our camp and settle down to cooking before it got too dark. The boys had begun the task of building fires, chopping veges. etc. so I walked over to the other campsite to say hello and introduce myself and the group. "Hello", I said, "I am Gary Maresh Sr. Patrol Leader of Troop 256 out of

Englewood, Colorado and that is my troop camped over there, hope they are not disturbing you." There was a gray haired sort of weathered fellow sitting in a chair by the fire holding a cup of tea, he smiles and stands up to shake my hand, "I am Edmund Hillary from England and I am here testing camping equipment for the Sears and Roebuck Co." We spent the evening around the campfire listening to stories of the conquest of Mount Everest, his travels around the world, and his scouting past. I had him autograph my scout handbook and once a year I bring it to our scout meeting to show the boys just who you might bump into out on the trail.

Gary Maresh

Firefighter/EMT-1A

Goldridge Fire Protection Dist.

Sebastopol, California

WD6EVL

Remember to Pillage BEFORE you burn!

daytime email:gmaresh@harding.com

evening and weekend email:gmaresh@sonic.net

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 20 23:39:59 1996

Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org

Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id XAA29981 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 23:39:59 -0500

Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET (8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id UAA09920; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 20:36:18 -0800 (PST)

Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id UAA14857; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 20:36:13 -0800 (PST)

Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id UAA14851 for jambo97-outgoing; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 20:36:12 -0800 (PST)

Message-ID: <3293DBE6.2FA1@concentric.net>

Date: Wed, 20 Nov 1996 23:34:46 -0500

From: Donald w Scruggs <DScruggs@concentric.net>

X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.0 (Win95; I)

MIME-Version: 1.0

To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Subject: Re: JAMBO97 Reflection #1

References: <v02130500aeb4422cf8a6@[207.48.88.123]>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii

Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit

Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org

Precedence: bulk

Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org

Status: RO

X-Status:

Doug Gentry wrote:

>

> Think back to your youth - when you were a Scout or of Scouting age. Did  
> you have a truly memorable experience?

>

> If so,

>

> --> what was it?

> --> what made it so memorable?

> Yours in Scouting,

>

> Doug and all the Jambo97 List Members

Remember that memorable can be positive or negative.

Positive:

I can remember taking a canoe trip on the Potomac River near Paw-Paw  
WVa.

This trip is perhaps memorable because of an overwhelming sense of the  
beauty and power of Nature. It was here that I understood that the Earth  
did not need man in order to survive. Rather it became clear that it was  
man that needed the Earth!!

Positive #2:

I remember camping in the mountains of Virginia in February when the  
temperature was about 10 below zero. I remember the pride I had about  
the

fact that I had stayed in my tent while half of the Troop had taken  
their

Sleeping bags to the heated bathrooms in order to sleep!

Negative:

I was about to achieve the rank of Star when the BSA instituted the  
idiotic

belt loop skill awards. I was told that I would not be awarded Star  
until I

went back and started over with the new boys earning skill awards. When  
I

had earned ALL the awards necessary for First Class Then I could be



awarded  
the Star Badge!! Unfortunately I quit scouting and no-one tried to force  
me  
back in. I really wish that I had gone back!

YiS  
Donald Scruggs

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Thu Nov 21 02:28:54 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id CAA20778 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Thu, 21 Nov 1996 02:28:54 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET  
(8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id XAA15144; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 23:25:21 -0800 (PST)  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
XAA16978; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 23:25:13 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id XAA16972 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Wed, 20 Nov 1996 23:25:11 -0800 (PST)  
Message-ID: <329420B2.2ED3@sockets.net>  
Date: Thu, 21 Nov 1996 01:28:18 -0800  
From: "Calvin R. Kretsinger" <kretsinger@sockets.net>  
X-Mailer: Mozilla 3.0 (Win16; I)  
MIME-Version: 1.0  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: JAMBO97 Memories/Realization  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii  
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

It's great to hear all of these Scouting memories. Although I'm a 43  
year old Scoutmaster now who was a Scout as a youth, I'd like to relate  
an incident that happened just last year.

We were at a Court-of-Honor, and one of our Assistant Scoutmasters  
made his usual appeal to the parents for more help. I looked at the  
parents and knew they were thinking "why should I get involved?" Then I  
asked myself "why am I involved?" With that thought in mind, I was  
asked to address the group. I walked to the front of the room and  
addressed the audience: "Why should parents get involved in Scouting?"

Indeed, why am I involved? It's because I owe these boys! I'm indebted to you boys, and it's a big debt, a HUGE debt, even bigger than the mortgage on my house....and I always repay my debts."

"You see, I was a Scout as a boy. I never made Eagle, but I made Life and was proud of it. But most important I have memories. I remember being the last Troop to camp at Camp Irondale before it was closed, and the first to camp at S-Bar-F when it opened. I remember receiving my 200 mile hiking patch and hiking Taum Sauk and camping at zero degrees on top of that mountain. I remember the Fu Dog trail, The Daniel Boone hike, Piasa Bird trail, and many others. And of course, my greatest adventure, Philmont for 10 days in the mountains. Deer and bear, but no newspapers, telephones, or automobiles....just nature and that memorable hike up the Tooth of Time. And being "tapped out" into the OA will always be with me."

"These are all memories, and memories come only from experiences. I took that for granted as a boy, but now I realize that experiences come from opportunities, and those opportunities did not come cheap. They were the result of hours and days and months and years of time and sacrifice from many adult Scout leaders. I had no idea how many Commissioners, Chairpersons, Committee Members, and other volunteers, along with professional Scout leaders, made those opportunities possible. But I do have memories of Scouters that taught me valuable lessons and helped guide me to a happy and successful life. THESE are the people I am REALLY indebted to. But how do I repay them? Who knows where my old Scoutmaster John Moore is? Or his Assistant Scoutmasters Jack Eldridge or Rusty Kroeger. And I know the old merit badge counselor and Silver Beaver Pete Schultz has passed on over to the other side by now. He was at least 80 years old then! I want so much to thank them and repay them, but how can I? Didn't they know then that I would never be able to repay them for all of their efforts?"

"These wise and generous men knew what they were doing, and that is why I owe you boys. They knew they wouldn't be around to collect on my debt, so they made it payable to YOU! They knew that one day that boy they were shaping into a man would have a son of his own, and become a Scoutmaster. They knew he would realize his debt, and seek to repay it, by offering you the same opportunities that were offered to him."

"And so I promise each and every one of you that I will pay my debt to you, by working to provide you with as many Scouting opportunities as I possibly can. It won't be easy, especially since many of you won't understand how much work is behind each opportunity. But that's OK, because you see, now I know the answer to my question "why am I a Scoutmaster?" It's because I know that some day, after I'm gone, you will stand before a future group of Scouts and say those magic

words....."I OWE YOU BOYS"."

Calvin R. Kretsinger  
Scoutmaster, Troop 14  
Eldon, Missouri  
First Assistant Scoutmaster to 1997 National Jamboree  
"I used to be a Fox"

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Wed Nov 27 13:54:43 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by  
cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id NAA06082 for  
<mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Wed, 27 Nov 1996 13:54:43 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET  
(8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id KAA05237; Wed, 27 Nov 1996 10:50:51 -0800 (PST)  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id  
KAA01514; Wed, 27 Nov 1996 10:50:23 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id KAA01508 for  
jambo97-outgoing; Wed, 27 Nov 1996 10:50:16 -0800 (PST)  
Message-Id: <329CB66B.7F99@otter.IVY.TEC.IN.US>  
Date: Wed, 27 Nov 1996 13:45:15 -0800  
From: ROB JEFFS <umn006@otter.ivy.tec.in.us>  
X-Mailer: Mozilla 2.0 (Win16; I)  
Mime-Version: 1.0  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: JAMBO97 Reflection of a November outing  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii  
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

Last year at this time my son was getting ready for a minor surgery and  
couldn't go out with the troop. We changed our campout plan to go local  
so that the scouts could be out but, I could be close if I was needed at  
home.

We stayed at the Indiana Dunes where ridges of sand seperate the marshes  
inland where the lake used to reach. The flats between the dunes and  
marshes are full of ancient oak trees. The lake softens the climate and

the trees are set in their ways holding tightly to their leaves, reluctant to give them up and acknowledge winter. The wind and oaks carry on a discussion about the proper timing for the transition from fall to winter around us as we camp. This is where a November outing was held that came to be called "mini-bear surprise"

My friend and predecessor as scoutmaster of troop 920 in Valparaiso, is Gene Miller. You may not know him but his daughter has worked at Philmont in the past and one of his Eagles, Steve Brown, was staff there this last summer. He provides the scouts during their November campout with a traditional turkey dinner. Just about the time lunch dishes are done he brings out a tri-pod, rope, rebar, aluminum foil, chicken wire, a roasting bag, several sacks of charcoal and of course a semi-thawed turkey. ( it was thawed but we did not bring it a sleeping bag and it re-chilled in the truck Friday overnight.) The tripod, chains and bagged turkey are erected. Rebar is driven in to the soft sand of the dunes campground. Chicken wire forms a basket the length of the turkey to hold charcoal and the adventure begins.

The misting rain, not quite snow, wets the rope and the weight of the turkey begins to stretch it ever so slightly over the first hour. The cooking bag is now in contact with the embers and develops a leak. Over the next five hours the fragrance rises in the air and down the dunes eastward toward the ancient oaks and their resident "mini-bears"

Mini-bears are that class of racoon that is known to frequent the woods just a dune away from Lake Michigan. With fish all winter floating up to the beach and campers all summer they have taken full advantage of their genetic potential and grown beyond their cornfield cousins. They are upwards of 40 lbs and many have dark coats like their extant brother, *ursus americanus*.

Not since the dumpsters were emptied after labor day has there been such a fragrance to attract their interest.

first two..

then four....

then more.....

As the sun sets and the turkey reaches edibility we are surrounded. The first intrusion was to the rear of the trailer. A breach of closed doors

(so uncharacteristic of scouts.) The food box lid popped, the rustle of plastic and no smores tonight! Marshmallows were stretched out like breadcrumbs in a northly direction. Out of flashlight range, the racoons were still trying to ascertain possession(too bad they don't have instant replay.)

Moving slowly, the boys retrieved the eating gear from the trailer and ate there dinner. The adults circled them shooing minibears with more caution than one normally uses to protect a fourth of july coke from sweatbees.

Our desert for the evening was what we called chocolate covered cherry cobbler. It is made by a scout that needs a boost in acceptance by the others. It is great, you can't mess it up and the boy is elevated to hero status. A dutch oven is oiled and a box of double fudge brownie mix is dumped in it. Half cup of milk and an egg are stirred in. A can of cherry pie filling, spread out but not stirred. Then sprinkle another box of brownie mix on top(use a good brand for a large dish not the little blue and white boxes). Close up the lid and coal on top and bottom. It is done when you think it is or the cook just can't wait any longer.

After this warm, calorie rich treat the day of mist and wind didn't hold their thoughts and they retired. We put the dutch oven on the coals left from the turkey and gave all but our table to the mini-bears.

We began our peaceful review of the days events. Until one critter managed to get the lid off the cooler side of the hot dutch oven just enough to stick his nose in it. He traded breath with the burning sugar in the oven. As it rushed into his nose the racoon expelled it out of his mouth in a loud sound strangely like a steam engine chasing an indy car. The racoon trying to catch his breath, the oven clanging and his immediate departure with high pitch scream as he headed to the lake.

The camp roared with laughter as each scout tried to recreate the sound. A great discussion ensued. They discussed racoon first aid and other merit badge oppportunities. And all agreed that we rename the dessert "mini-bear's surprise"

The wind picked up, first out on the lake, then on the tops of the dunes and finally in the flats. Not to compete with the voices of scouts, but in the renewal of the winds effort to free the leaves from the grasps of the oaks. Fall was over and the wind was sending a message to let the

oaks rest and prepare for their growth in the next summer.

As each boy's voice dropped below the level of the wind's discussion with the oaks, the laughter faded from across the camp. Each tent became quiet. Each scout resting and preparing for his growth.

###

I have many things to be thankful for this season, including the joyful sound of a scout's laughter.

From owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org Sun Dec 1 15:58:36 1996  
Return-Path: owner-jambo97@freke.hoplite.org  
Received: from starfleet.Internex.NET (starfleet.InterNex.Net [199.2.14.11]) by cap1.CapAccess.org (8.6.12/8.6.10) with ESMTP id PAA22209 for <mfbowman@capaccess.org>; Sun, 1 Dec 1996 15:58:36 -0500  
Received: from freke.hoplite.org (freke.hoplite.org [205.158.197.130]) by starfleet.Internex.NET (8.8.2/8.8.0) with ESMTP id MAA10986; Sun, 1 Dec 1996 12:55:00 -0800 (PST)  
Received: from localhost (daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) with SMTP id MAA22590; Sun, 1 Dec 1996 12:54:52 -0800 (PST)  
Received: (from daemon@localhost) by freke.hoplite.org (8.7.5/8.7.5) id MAA22582 for jambo97-outgoing; Sun, 1 Dec 1996 12:54:49 -0800 (PST)  
Message-Id: <199612012053.AA09533@abc.com>  
From: MILLERT@abc.com (MILLERT)  
Date: Sun, 01 Dec 1996 15:55 EST  
To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Subject: JAMBO97 jamboree stories  
Errors-To: owner-jambo97@hoplite.org  
Precedence: bulk  
Reply-To: jambo97@hoplite.org  
Status: RO  
X-Status:

I am a little late with my jamboree experiences but as they say better late than never.

My first Jamboree was 1964 at Valley Forge. I was just 14 years old at the time and was one of the six boys from the Will Rogers Council that went to the Jamboree in the one troop from Oklahoma.

On the evening of the closing arena show I was separated from the rest of my troop. I was with a small group of Indian dancers from our troop that were going to be in the show. I was trying to find my troop but was not allowed

to go into the audience from backstage and was not allowed to go backstage to join the cast from our troop. A nice guy that was a stage manager on stage right took pity on me. Rather than get upset, he just put me to work. I became an assistant stage manager. My job was to coil his headset cable when he moved back to his post and keep it untangled when he left to take care of something. It was exciting for me to be a part of such a big show and to look around the corner of the wing of the set to see the 100,000 plus people in the audience.

About half way through the show a big black car pulled up in our entrance. I had to move out of the way so a guy in a suit could open the back door of the car. Out stepped President Johnson. I was not aware that he was coming and was very surprised, scared and excited to shake his hand as he waited for his entrance. For a kid from a farm in Oklahoma it was something that just did not happen. I will never forget that night. Watching as the Secret Service turned the cars around during his talk and watching as he came off stage and departed.

A kind scouter helped me solve my problem and gave me a once in a life time experience in the process. Who would have thought that many years later that little boy would be the Video Director for many Jamboree Arena shows. This will be my tenth Jamboree. I have had the honor of working in some capacity with the arena shows at every Jamboree since 1964.

There is no experience like standing on the arena stage as the last of the scouts arrive for the shows. It is one of those special experiences that happens only in Scouting. I am blessed to be a part of it.